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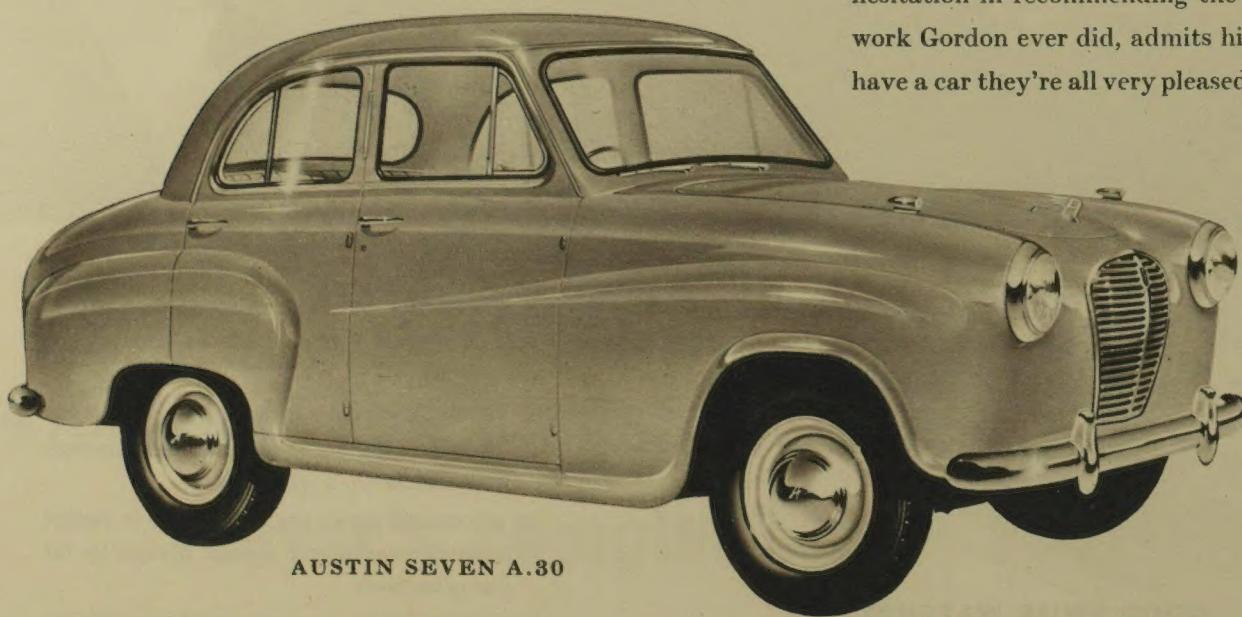


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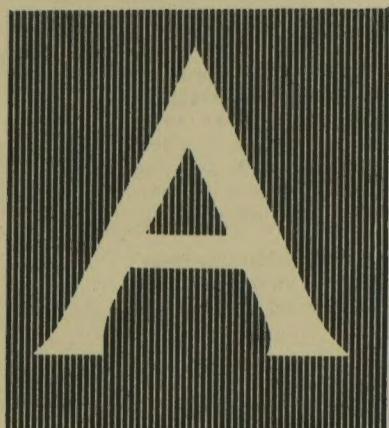
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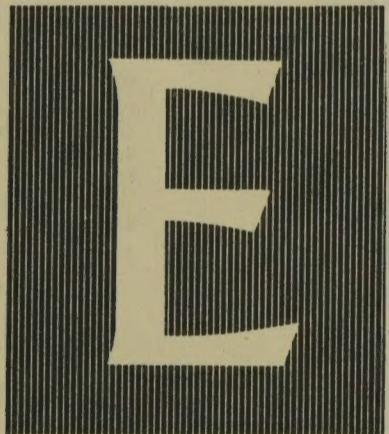
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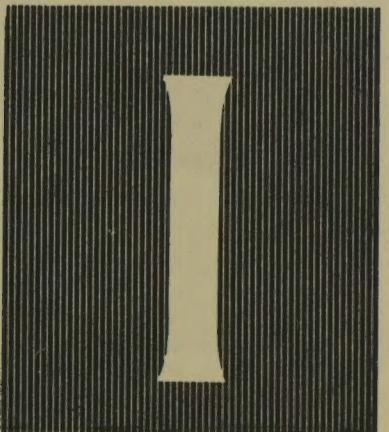
March 1st The ministerial meeting of the council of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation ended in Paris yesterday with agreement to appoint a special committee to deal with matters relating to nuclear energy. Britain's first privately owned research reactor is being constructed by the A.E.I. John Thompson Nuclear Energy Company at the A.E.I. Research Establishment.

every day



March 2nd The Shackleton base is established at Vahsel Bay by the advance party of the British Transantarctic Expedition. Amongst the explorers' stores are Ediswan switches and the Mazda lamps which will light their living quarters and laboratories.

every way



March 3rd The House of the Future, which is built of plastic, is one of the most interesting features of the 'Daily Mail' Ideal Home Exhibition. The kitchen in this house without doors is planned by Hotpoint, who also devised and produced most of the electrical appliances.

2

machines by Olivetti
designed especially
for the busy small business

The Studio 44 typewriter and the Summa 15 hand operated adding-listing machine have both been designed particularly to provide for the needs of the busy small business. In their capacity to stand up to the hardest work and in their ability to serve the most exacting up-to-date needs, these machines lack nothing in performance compared with much larger and more expensive machines.

The completeness and compactness of the Studio typewriter and the Summa adding-listing machine have been achieved by the skilled engineering design for which Olivetti are so famous.



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 Automatic printing
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 Prints the proof of its balance.



British Olivetti Ltd.

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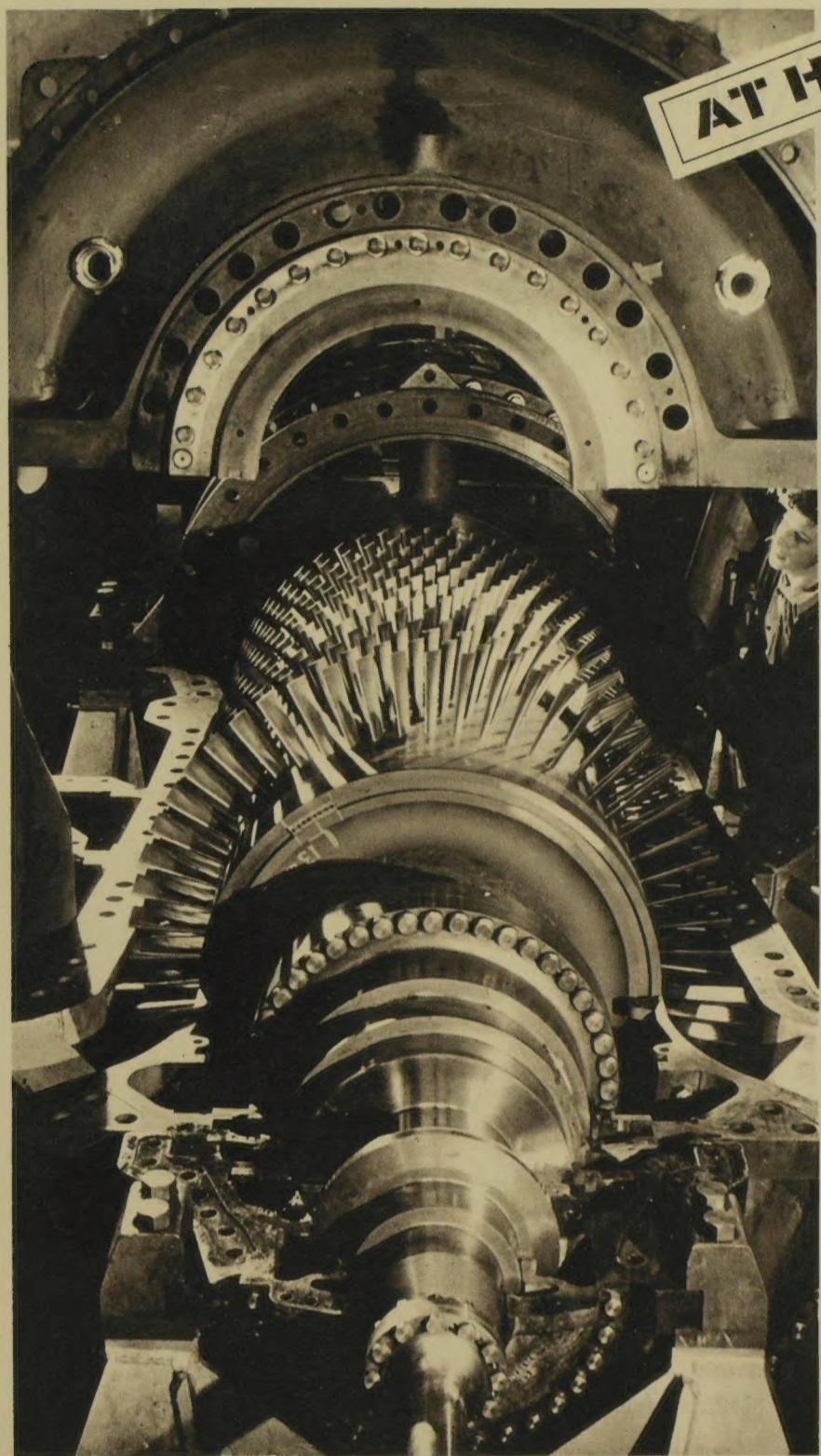
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A TWOFOLD JOB...



Power at work. ENGLISH ELECTRIC motors of many types are employed in Britain's varied industries. These 125-h.p. 720-r.p.m. closed air circuit, squirrel-cage motors are driving main pumps in the coal preparation plant at Wardley in the Durham Division of the National Coal Board.

How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home and abroad

Britain is busy now, more prosperous than for decades past. Full employment, active industries, advances in science and technology, plenty of opportunities both for firms and for individuals . . . this is progress to be proud of. The challenge—the need—is to maintain it.

All depends on production—and exports.

From 1949 to 1955, our total industrial output rose by 27% and the value of our vital exports by 58%. But still higher production, still more export activity, are needed to ensure *still better living for Britain*. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generators and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which our industries *use* this energy for production—production not only for home demand but for developing export markets.

In addition it is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

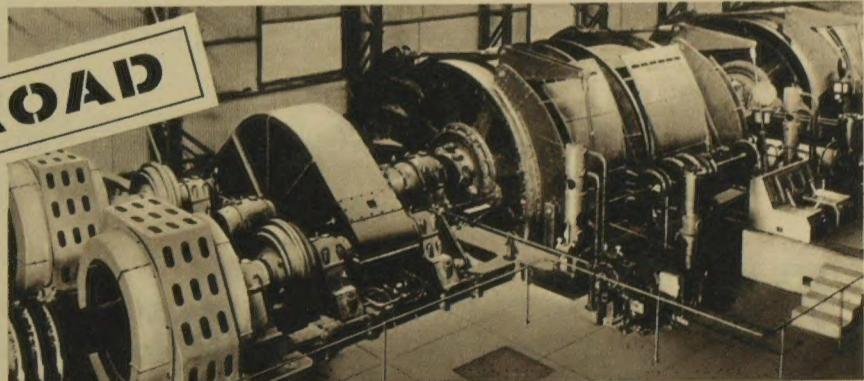
With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important *twofold* contribution to Britain's economic progress.

Power generation (left). The top half of the compressor casing is lowered over the rotor of a 20,000-kW gas turbine built at the ENGLISH ELECTRIC Rugby Works. Besides gas turbines such as this, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is also pioneering in the development of atomic energy to supplement the conventional means of producing electric power in Britain.

To Young Men and Their Parents
To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and a choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to Mr. G. S. Bosworth, Central Personnel Department, F.I.



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bringing you better living





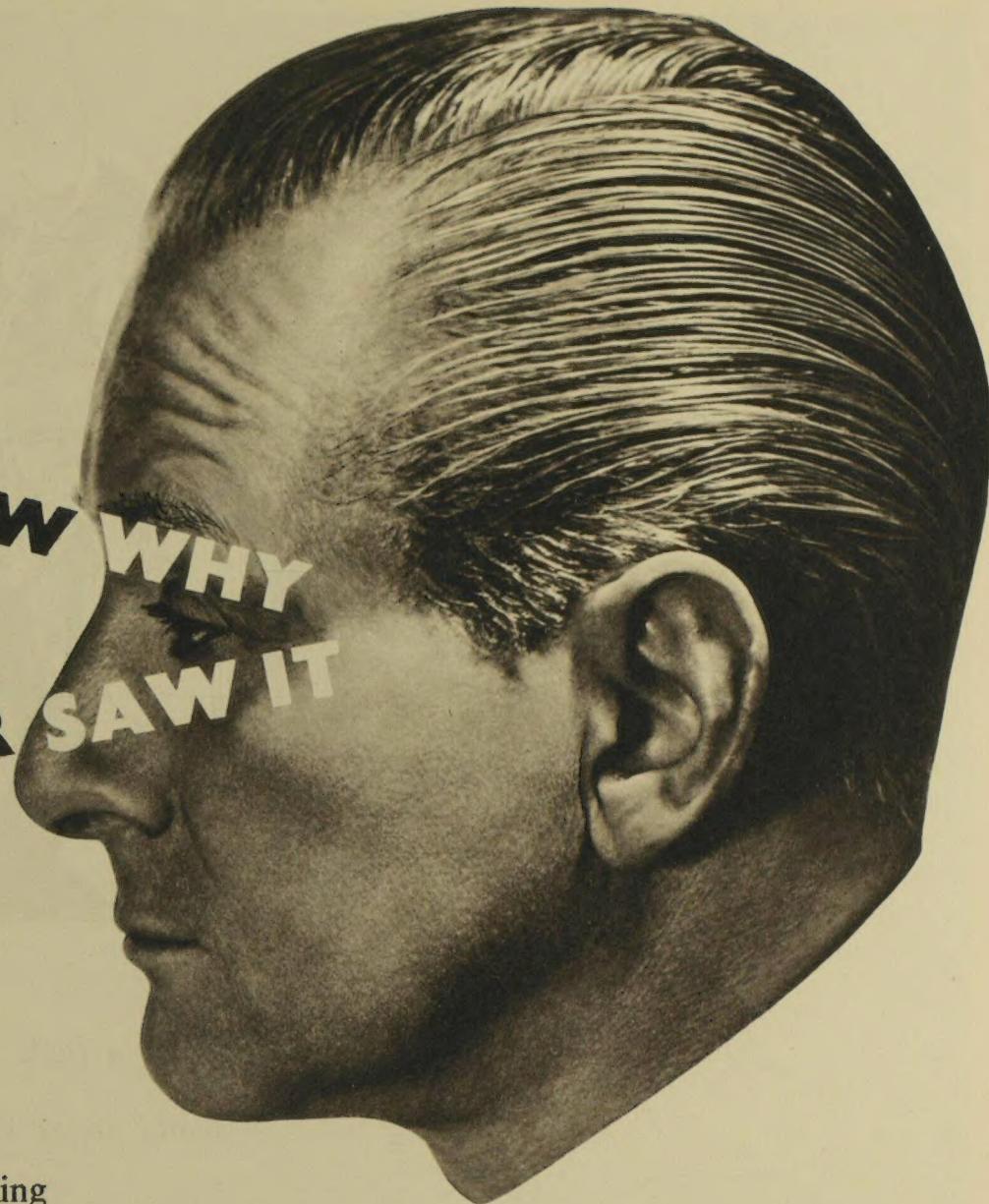
Basic for Miss Brown

That filing cabinet was once molten 'basic' steel. We
make this—and other kinds: we roll it hot, we roll
it cold, we make it thin and tough—
Then we sell it as steel sheets. Manufacturers buy these
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I NEVER SAW IT



but for years my standard of living

had been going up, and my tastes had changed accordingly,

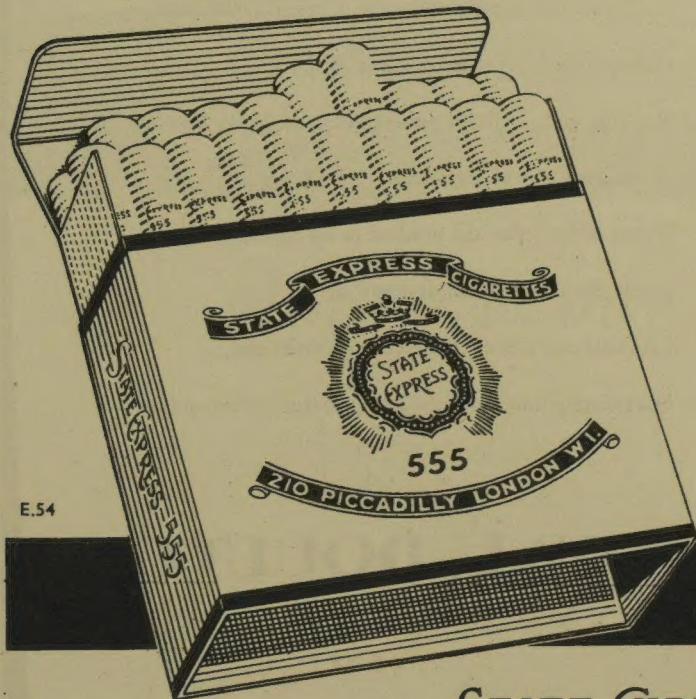
yet my smoking habits remained where they were . . . then I saw

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E.54



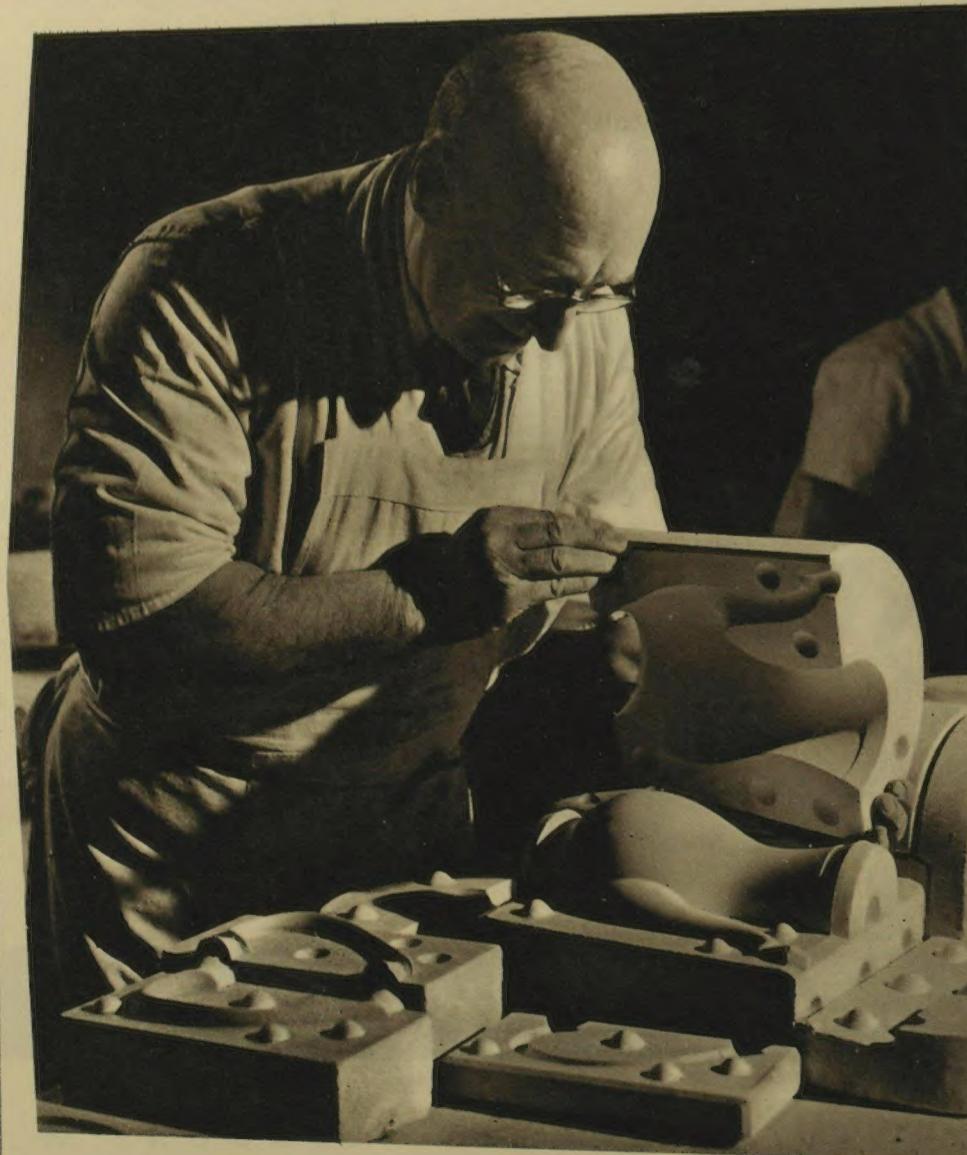
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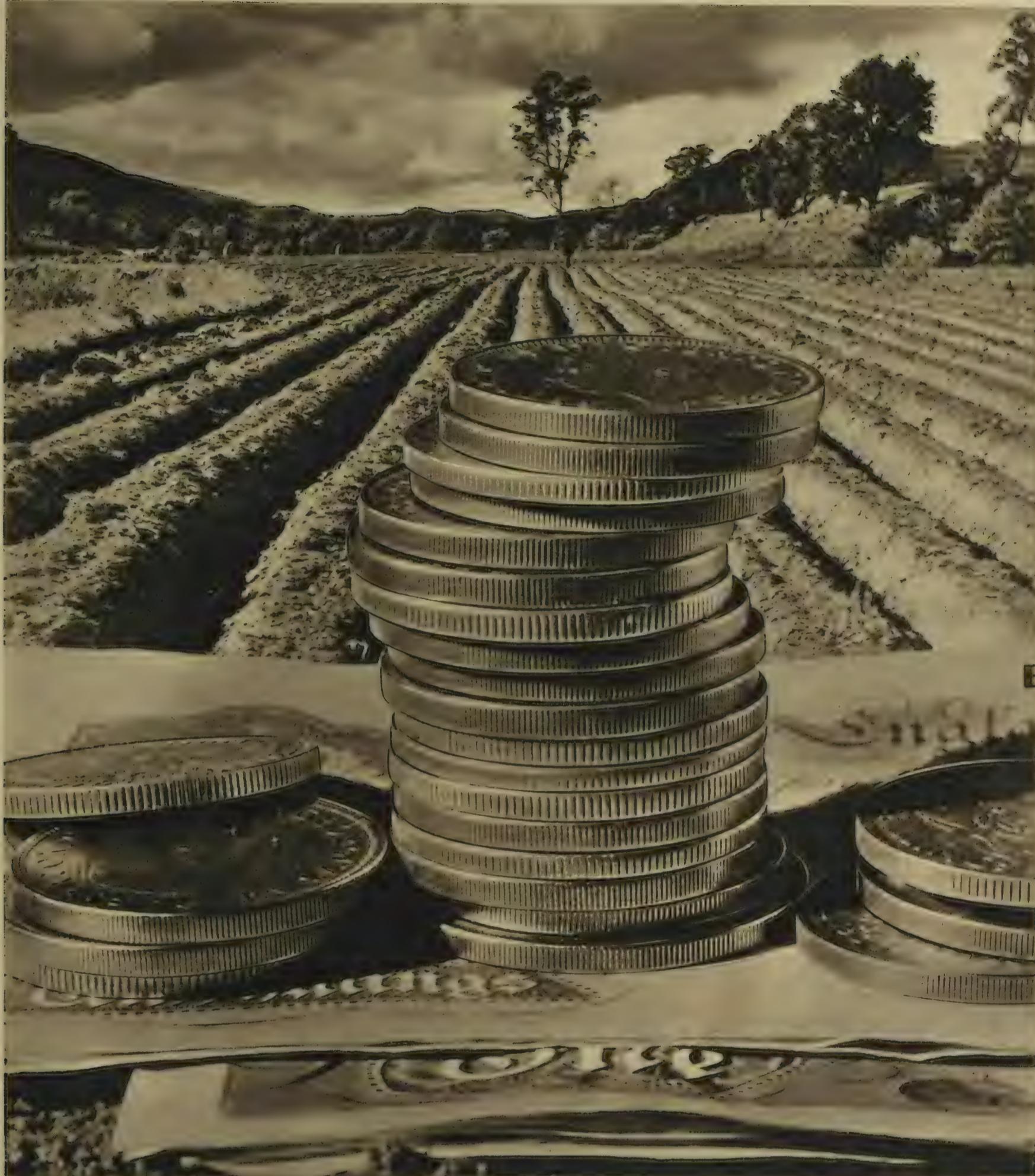


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TO AND FROM THE U.S.A. AND CANADA



THE "QUEENS" — WORLD'S LARGEST LINERS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1956.



SAILING FOR MONACO: PRINCE RAINIER'S BRIDE, WHOSE FAIRY-TALE ROMANCE HAS EXCITED WORLD INTEREST.

Monaco, on the French Riviera, is one of the smallest States in the world—being about the same size as Hyde Park, in London—but for some weeks now it has been arousing in many quarters more interest than politics, economics and world affairs. The reason for this is the wedding which was arranged for April 19 (the civil wedding was to take place on the previous day) between thirty-two-year-old Prince Rainier, the reigning sovereign of Monaco, and Miss Grace Kelly, the

beautiful twenty-six-year-old American film actress. Both the bride and bridegroom are Roman Catholics. Prince Rainier III is the son of Princess Charlotte, Duchess of Valentinois, daughter of Prince Louis II, whom Prince Rainier succeeded on his death in May 1949. Britain and nine other European countries made arrangements to see the wedding on television from Monte Carlo. Other photographs showing Miss Kelly's arrival in Monaco appear in this issue.

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3½d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE that among the fantastic propositions canvassed from day to day in our popular Press is a demand from fifty Trades Union leaders that a political committee should be set up to solve the problem of how to sell more British cars abroad. A Government inquiry should be instituted, they declare, to lay bare "the closely guarded administrative secrets of Britain's car industry." "That," they are reported to have said, "is the only way to solve the problem of short-time working." The inquiry should be set up "very speedily indeed. . . . A group of economist M.P.s and trade unionists"—in other words, of experienced and practised talkers—"should go round the factories examining the books and finding out how Britain could sell more cars." "The setting up of an inquiry was urged in a resolution passed unanimously by the meeting. It asked the Government to review export difficulties, capital investments, profits, export incentives and organisation, distribution costs and labour forces in the car firms." *

As Dr. Johnson used to say, "What stuff is here!" There is only one way to sell cars against competition in world markets: to make and export them more cheaply for their quality than any competitor can do.

This means that those who do the work of making them—labour, both skilled and unskilled, and management—have got either to do the work for less payment than their foreign rivals or, alternatively, do more work for the same payment. As this is just what British operatives, conscious of their political and bargaining power, will not do to-day, we can be sure that our foreign markets, both for cars and other goods, will tend to dwindle until the realisation of the unavoidable connection between the quality and quantity of British labour and foreign markets begins to be more generally realised.

In the meantime all the political committees in the world will not sell an additional car. No amount of demagogic can make any difference. People do not buy motor-cars to provide profitable employment for British workers; they buy them because a particular motor-car is of the quality and price they can afford to buy. No other motive enters into the transaction and no amount of questions and resolutions by politicians, civil servants and economics-trained Trade Union leaders is going to create any other. The world will continue to buy in the cheapest market, whether it is the market for quality or the market for mass-production. By taxation, by Government regulations and restrictions, we can rig our own home-market. But we cannot rig the world markets in which we have to buy our food and raw materials in return for our manufactured goods. All we can do is to offer those goods as cheaply as possible.

This idea, however, that somehow an economic problem can be solved by "Government officials going round the factories asking questions and examining any aspects they think fit" is part of the prevailing democratic theory that a mysterious body called "they," representing the corporate will and capacity of the nation, can relieve men—provided "they" are rightly chosen and subscribe to popular views—from the age-long choice of work or starvation. "Upon the King," said Henry V before Agincourt,

let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins lay on the king! We must bear all.
O hard condition, twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing.

To-day it is not the King, but the M.P., the bureaucrat, the Trades Union official who has to carry these burdens. And when he fails, as fail he must, the public turns sour on him and throws him out, all, that is, except the bureaucrat who, under our existing dispensation, cannot be thrown out at all. He merely continues to carry out, or, alternatively, fails to carry out, the decisions of his nominal and political masters and, when they have been discredited, of their successors.

The public can never be expected to be very wise in complex issues. The individuals who comprise it are fully occupied in meeting the demands and solving the problems of their own daily existences and have not the time

or acquired knowledge to form effective judgments on matters like the economics of the motor export trade or the inter-racial and dynastic controversies of the Middle East and Levant. It is, therefore, necessary for those who represent and govern them to educate the public in such matters; to explain, in simple terms, the facts, however unpalatable or contrary to popular misconceptions they may be. And here, as I see it, lies the vacuum in our political system to-day; the public is not being sufficiently educated by its democratically elected representatives. It is merely being allowed to assume that those representatives can

solve the



ONE OF THE THIRTY-NINE PAINTINGS IN THE DISPUTED LANE BEQUEST: "JOUR D'ÉTÉ," BY THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST, BERTHE MORISOT, WHICH WAS REMOVED IN ITS FRAME FROM THE TATE GALLERY ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 12. THE IRISH NATIONAL STUDENTS' COUNCIL HAVE CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ACT. THE PAINTING WAS RETURNED TO THE TATE GALLERY ON APRIL 16.

In broad daylight, between 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. on April 12, "Jour d'Été," a famous painting by Berthe Morisot, was removed in its frame from the Tate Gallery in London. Almost before the Gallery authorities had realised their loss, the Irish News Agency in London received an anonymous telephone call in which a prepared statement was read, claiming that the Irish National Students' Council were responsible for this act. On April 16 the painting was anonymously delivered to the Irish Embassy in London, from which it was returned to the Tate Gallery. "Jour d'Été" is one of the thirty-nine works in the disputed Lane Bequest. Sir Hugh Lane, who perished in the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915, had added a codicil to his will, leaving this collection to the City of Dublin, rather than to the National Gallery in London, as had originally been his intention. This codicil was unwitnessed, and thus the original will was admitted to probate.

Since then constant appeals have been made for the return of the pictures to Dublin. [Reproduced by courtesy of the Tate Gallery.]

problems of the universe in accordance with its wishes. The danger of this is two-fold: that the policy of the State, not being founded on realities, will be ineffective and that the vacuum created by this lack of popular political education will ultimately be filled—for Nature abhors a vacuum—by some other form of government, as in totalitarian Russia and pre-war Germany and Italy.

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed!" All government, even the most elementary and crude, must be a two-way process—an order by the ruler and an understanding of the order by the ruled. The best form of government is one in which the ruled is able to understand not only the order but the reasons for it and to see that it is being given in his own interests. Winston Churchill's leadership in the war was like that; which explains why we welcomed it and why we won. But democratic leadership is in many ways much more difficult in peace than in war, for the hard, inescapable facts on which leadership needs to be based are so much easier to see in war; in the summer of 1940, when we acted under Churchill's orders as a single man, it was almost impossible not to see them. What we need from our rulers is to be able to see them in ordinary times when they are so hard to see. And it is here that those who represent us in Parliament seem to me at present to be failing us. They are so busy sitting on committees and attending conferences in order to give an appearance of solving the problems of the world in conformity with our supposed wishes that they have little time to make us realise that those wishes are impracticable and cannot be fulfilled, or even pursued without disaster.



ABOUT TO SET FOOT ON THE SOIL OF MONACO: MISS GRACE KELLY STEPPING ASHORE FROM PRINCE RAINIER'S YACHT
ON HER ARRIVAL FROM THE UNITED STATES FOR HER WEDDING.

On April 12 Miss Grace Kelly, accompanied by her parents and a large party of relatives and friends, arrived in Monaco by sea and was welcomed to her future home by Prince Rainier. Miss Kelly had travelled from the United States in the liner *Constitution* and was met off the coast of Monaco by Prince Rainier in his yacht, *Deo Juvante II*. In brilliant sunshine, Miss Kelly stepped across the

gangway from the liner to the yacht, wearing a blue coat and large white hat, and holding her poodle in her arms. There were rousing cheers from the large crowd on the quayside when the young couple later disembarked on Monégasque soil. They then drove to the Palace, where Miss Kelly stayed during the week before the wedding, while Prince Rainier was at his villa at St. Jean de Cap Ferrat.

A FILM "PRINCESS" ARRIVES IN HER
FIANCE'S MEDITERRANEAN REALM:
MISS KELLY IN MONACO.



ABOARD THE S.S. CONSTITUTION: MISS KELLY WEARING A LIFE BELT AND HOLDING HER POODLE.



BEING DRIVEN BY HER FIANCE: MISS GRACE KELLY, WITH HER POODLE ON HER LAP, GOING TO VISIT PRINCESS ANTOINETTE, PRINCE RAINIER'S SISTER. MISS KELLY'S FATHER IS IN THE BACK OF THE CAR.



AFTER BEING WELCOMED BY PRINCE RAINIER: MISS KELLY WITH HER FIANCE ON BOARD HIS YACHT.



PRINCE RAINIER'S FATHER: PRINCE PIERRE, COMTE DE POLIGNAC, WHO WELCOMED MISS KELLY.



SMILING HAPPILY AND WAVING TO THE CROWDS: PRINCE RAINIER WITH MISS GRACE KELLY ON THE PALACE BALCONY SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL.



REPRESENTATIVE OF THE QUEEN AT THE WEDDING:
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GUY SALISBURY-JONES.



REUNITED: PRINCE RAINIER'S FIRST GREETING TO MISS KELLY ON HER ARRIVAL FROM THE UNITED STATES FOR HER MARRIAGE TO HIM.



ENTERING MONACO HARBOUR: PRINCE RAINIER'S YACHT DEO JUVANTE II, WITH THE PRINCE AND HIS FIANCEE ON BOARD. THE YACHT WAS ESCORTED BY SMALLER VESSELS.



GARLANDED WITH ORCHIDS: MISS KELLY WALKING DOWN THE GANGWAY, FOLLOWED BY PRINCE RAINIER, ON HER ARRIVAL IN THE PRINCE'S YACHT.

Many people all over the world have followed with interest and enthusiasm the romance of Prince Rainier of Monaco and his American film-actress bride, Miss Grace Kelly. From the beginning the story has had a fairy-tale-like quality which some feel has been over-publicised, while others have found it welcome in this age of stern realities. But there can be few people who do not wish the Prince and his bride long years of happiness together so that their story may end in the

way that all good fairy-stories do, with "the Prince and the Princess living happily ever after." It was announced that only seventy people would attend the civil marriage on April 18, but representatives from many countries would be present at the religious ceremony next day. H.M. the Queen was to be represented by Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and Lieut.-Commander W. B. C. Weld-Forester, Consul-General at Nice.

PRINCE RAINIER'S WEDDING: MONACO SCENES
AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF HIS BRIDE-TO-BE.



MONACO CELEBRATES THE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE RAINIER'S BRIDE: FIREWORKS BURSTING OVER THE HARBOUR WITH ITS ILLUMINATED YACHTS ON APRIL 12.



LEAVING THE CASINO IN MONTE CARLO: MISS GRACE KELLY AND PRINCE RAINIER AFTER ATTENDING A DINNER GIVEN BY THE BRIDE'S PARENTS.



AT THE PALACE: PRINCE RAINIER INTRODUCING MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD TO HIS FIANCÉE, SHORTLY AFTER HER ARRIVAL FROM THE UNITED STATES.

Miss Kelly had just a week before her wedding to Prince Rainier in Monaco Cathedral, arranged for April 19, in which to meet members of his family, friends and officials. It was expected that visitors flocking in to the tiny principality from all over the world for the wedding might more than double its normal population of 20,200. Hotels in neighbouring French Riviera resorts were fully booked for the wedding.



AFTER COMING ASHORE FROM PRINCE RAINIER'S YACHT: MISS KELLY SMILING AFTER BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET BY TWO CHILDREN DRESSED IN NATIONAL COSTUME.

Monaco has been *en fête* since April 12, when Miss Kelly arrived in her fiancé's kingdom, but April 18 and 19 were to be official public holidays. After the religious ceremony on April 19, the bride and bridegroom were to leave for a month-long Mediterranean honeymoon in Prince Rainier's yacht *Deo Juvante II*, and were expected to visit Italy and have an audience with the Pope.



ENGLISH HOME LIFE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"HOUSEKEEPING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY." By ROSAMOND BAYNE-POWELL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MRS. BAYNE-POWELL, who has already written books on Eighteenth-Century London Life, Country Life, Travellers and Children, has now produced another painstaking and entertaining compilation on the indoor life of the period. "Compilation" such a book must be, unless it is written by some generalising political economist (in our day the term should rather be party political economist) who selects from printed or written records facts to prove some case or other: e.g., that almost everybody was better off in the eighteenth century than almost everybody is now, or that almost everybody was worse off than almost everybody is now, or that, in the tangle of real and nominal values, we never know, or have known, "where we are." Mrs. Bayne-Powell's social conscience does occasionally prompt her to remark that not everybody in her period was living as well as the inhabitants of the houses whose

were only Dukes and Marquises living in luxurious houses, at Chatsworth or Bowood or in fashionable London Squares, and, on the other hand, squalid tipplers, as in Hogarth's "Gin Lane," tumbling over each other, over barrels in the street, underneath a multiplicity of inn-signs. I could add to that. "Male and female created he them." I refer to Hogarth: but I desist.

We have inherited something from all our centuries, since William the Norman came in. We invented the Gothic (so-called) style and developed it superbly: the Welshman, Henry VIII, got most of that pulled down. There was a sort of arrest during the seventeenth century, though Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren were at work: and then, in our author's century, there was a great burst of building, not merely of great houses, but of little ones, all over the country. The Whig nobles and the retired nabobs from India put up their huge houses: but lesser men, with less money, erected pleasant dwellings in almost every parish of rural England. The town-dwellers were still in a minority: the country-dwellers still had, if not "three acres and a cow," grazing-rights; and the men of moderate means put up decent dwellings by every village green, several of which are before me as I write.

Mrs. Bayne-Powell has taken snippets from many books: I can only take snippets from her. She is thorough. She goes through "Houses," "Interior Decoration," "Furniture," "Pictures, Statuary, China, Clocks, etc.," "The Kitchen Premises," "Food," "Drink," "Entertaining, Meals," "Water, Washing, Sanitation," "Heating and Lighting," "Servants," "Illness and Remedies," "Death and Mourning," "Handicrafts and Needlework," "Money and Taxation," "Household Superstitions and Customs."

I feel rather lost in the jungle of Mrs. Bayne-Powell's information. She says, for instance, "Cheese was made on most farms and in many country houses, indeed on large farms it was made twice a day. Some of the cheeses weighed as much as a hundredweight, and the turning of them, the rubbing and the cleaning



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MRS. BAYNE-POWELL.

Mrs. Bayne-Powell, who was educated at Cheltenham Ladies' College, has made a long and thorough study of the eighteenth century, and the book reviewed here is the fifth which she has written about life in that century. The other four are: "Travellers in Eighteenth-Century England"; "English Country Life in the Eighteenth Century"; "Eighteenth-Century London Life" and "The English Child in the Eighteenth Century." Mrs. Bayne-Powell is also the author of two detective stories: "The Crime at Cloisters" and "The Crime at Porches."

some gourmets considered the best of all." Well, I am a Devon man. I may be wrong now, as at any other time. But I have always thought of Blue Vinney as a Dorset cheese. It may have died out, under bureaucratic control, like most of our local products. Stilton, I think, was forbidden during the war, and Wensleydale, to me, is only as a dream of lost things.

Quantities, such as some of Mrs. Bayne-Powell's heroes ate, certainly do not appeal to me. "Byng tells us of a friend who devoured twelve mutton chops for dinner. 'No man,' he adds, 'possesses a healthier appetite.' There was also a Duke of Grafton who, according to Lord Hervey, ate an ox a day and was taking a course of Bath waters 'to enable him to eat two.' Dr. Ogden, who was George III's favourite preacher, complained that a goose was an unsatisfactory bird, 'not enough for two, and just too much for one.'" I should like to know the documentation for that. I heard the story when young (and think that, long ago, I repeated it in print) as referring to George III's well-covered Queen Charlotte.

Elegance the century had in many ways, and not only in great houses, but in thousands of farmhouses and houses of retired people in villages or on the outskirts of towns. But, in this book of excerpts, there is plenty of material for the kind of person who thinks that just because we are later than our ancestors we must be better. Here is a present for them: "Some of the remedies were horrible. When Lord Fermanagh was ill he drank horse-dung posset for fifteen days, after which, strange to say, he recovered. Snail tea was considered most efficacious in chest complaints and for consumption. Snails were on sale in the shops. The Duke of Bedford bought 'a large piece of snail' from Robinson's shop in New Bond Street. 'Does Mary cough at night?' Mrs. Delany enquires in a letter about her niece. 'Two or three snails boiled in her barley-water or tea-water or whatever she drinks might be of great service to her. Taken in time they have done wonderful cures.' 'For a consumptive,' we are told, 'take thirty garden snails and thirty earth-worms of middling size, bruise ye snails and wash them, cut up ye worms in pieces, boil this in a quart of water, strain, add two ounces of candid Eringa. Take a

quarter of a pint of it warm with an equal quantity of cow's milk.'"

It sounds rather odd to us. But I have had a few injections lately, and I wonder whether those won't seem just as odd to our posterity.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 371 of this issue.



FASHION ON THE BEACH IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

daily doings and diets she describes. Her publishers (I hope not intimidated by the grisly shadow of Mr. Gaitskell, with his menacing dreams of "a classless society," which is not merely undesirable but impossible, and is a harking back to the Levellers of Cromwell's time) sadly reflect in their "blurb": "The 'good old days' may have been enjoyable for those with plenty of money and good health, for the sick and poor much of life must have been horrible, the squalor beneath the grandeur, the dirt underneath the cloth of gold—but how gracious and artistic the great houses were."

This is overdoing it: and quite unnecessarily. Mrs. Bayne-Powell has drawn her delightful snippets of information from many and varied books (her bibliography is imposing), but they are not all books about great houses, and it wasn't only in great houses that eighteenth-century Englishmen and English-women were happy and comfortable. There were slums in the great towns—nothing like so great as they are in our days—gin was almost as cheap as water, and cinemas and fish-and-chips had not arrived to herald the Dawn of Civilisation—but England was still mainly an agricultural country. I think it was Thorold Rogers who said that the English countryman (at that time the representative Englishman, as, in a way, though not numerically, he still is) was never better off than he was in the fifteenth century. The Wars of the Roses were going on—fights between fanatical noblemen, differing about dynastic claims, and their retainers—but half the parish churches in England went up in that age. By the same token, the eighteenth century was not an age in which there



"ADVANTAGES OF A MODERN EDUCATION": AN AMUSING PRINT, SHOWING THE COOK IMMersed IN READING AND OBLIVIOUS TO HER SURROUNDINGS AND EVEN THE WARNINGS OF THE PARROT, WHO IS SAYING "COOK, COOK, THIEVES, FIRE."

was thought to be too much for women, though many of them did it, especially in the cheese counties. There were many different kinds of cheese and some counties . . . had their own specialities. Cheddar and Cheshire are with us still, double Gloucesters may rarely be seen, but we should search in vain for the Devon blue vinney, Shropshire, Kent and Essex cheeses, or the Banbury cheese which



A VALUABLE CLUE IN THE TATE GALLERY MYSTERY: ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS OF RECENT YEARS; SHOWING THE REMOVAL OF A PICTURE FROM THE GALLERY.

On the morning of Thursday, April 12, a Fleet Street photographic agency, Planet News Ltd., received an anonymous telephone call stating that there was to be an Irish demonstration outside the Tate Gallery. A photographer was sent and, failing to find a more interesting subject, he took this photograph of a young man walking down the steps of the Gallery carrying a framed painting. The negative was not even considered worth developing until in the afternoon the news of the daring removal of Berthe Morisot's "Jour d'Été" was published. Planet News immediately developed their photograph and submitted it to Scotland Yard. The man carrying the picture is stated to have been identified by the police as Paul Hogan—indeed, the painting is covered with a piece of board bearing his

name and address—and his accomplice, just emerging from the revolving door, as William P. Fogarty. This photograph was withheld from publication while inquiries were made by the police. On Monday, April 16, the day after the photograph was released to the Press, an "unknown caller" delivered a parcel, addressed to the Ambassador, at the Irish Embassy in London. This was found to contain the painting "Jour d'Été." The painting was handed over to the Director of the Tate Gallery, who stated that it was "in perfect condition." The picture, which is part of the disputed Lane Bequest, is reproduced on page 344. Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery, has stated that the painting would be restored to its normal place in the Gallery.

ROYAL OCCASIONS: THE BOWES LYON-MCCORQUODALE WEDDING, AND ACTIVITIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



THE QUEEN'S COUSIN, CAPTAIN FERGUS BOWES LYON, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MARY MCCORQUODALE, AT THEIR MARRIAGE, WHICH THE QUEEN, QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET ATTENDED.

H.M. the Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal were all present at the marriage which took place on April 10, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Captain Fergus Bowes Lyon, Scots Guards, the elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Michael Bowes Lyon and Mrs. Michael Bowes Lyon, and Miss Mary Pamela McCorquodale, younger daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Norman McCorquodale.



H.M. THE QUEEN AND QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THE BOWES LYON-MCCORQUODALE WEDDING ON APRIL 10.



PRINCESS MARGARET BEING GREETED ON HER ARRIVAL FOR THE BOWES LYON-MCCORQUODALE WEDDING, WHICH SHE ATTENDED WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER (LEFT).



PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVES THE QUEEN: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON APRIL 9, SHOWING HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE WHEEL OF A SHOOTING-BRAKE NEAR ROYAL LODGE. On April 9 it was noticed that Princess Margaret drove the Queen to Royal Lodge, when they went riding in the morning in Windsor Great Park. Later the same day the Queen went to Ascot to see the alterations to the Queen's Lawn, where she was joined by the Queen Mother.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT AN AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH STATION, LISTENING TO AN EXPLANATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF SELECTIVE WEED-KILLING HORMONES. On April 10 the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Imperial Chemical Industries Agricultural Research Station at Jealott's Hill, Bracknell, where Dr. J. Stubbs (centre) showed him research on selective weed-killers. Later he visited the Foot and Mouth Institute at Pirbright.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE CONTROLS OF THE 36-TON BLACKBURN BEVERLEY, THE LARGEST FREIGHT-CARRYING AIRCRAFT, ON APRIL 8. DURING THE FLIGHT HE PILOTED THE AIRCRAFT FOR ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES.

**AMID THE GOLDEN DAFFODILS: A CHARMING STUDY OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.**

The Duchess of Gloucester, while not perhaps so frequently in the public eye as other members of the Royal family, holds a very special place in the affections of the people. Since her marriage to the Duke in November 1935, the Duchess has fulfilled a very large number of public engagements, both with her husband and by herself—and she is ever ready to give up her time to support any worthy activity. In intervals from their programme of public service the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester like to spend as much time as they are

able at their lovely country home in Northamptonshire, Barnwell Manor, with their two sons Prince William and Prince Richard. Barnwell Manor, which is two miles from Oundle, is a charming sixteenth-century manor house built of Northamptonshire stone. On the lawn, facing the house, are the ruins of Barnwell Castle, which was built in the thirteenth century. The gardens, in which the Duchess of Gloucester is herself a keen worker, and in which she is seen in this photograph, are a delight.



A WONDERFUL FIND OF SPANISH GOLD FROM A SUNKEN GALLEON OFF BERMUDA: A GOLD-AND-EMERALD CROSS, AND THREE GOLD-AND-PEARL BUTTONS.



THE BACK OF THE GOLD CROSS, SHOWING THE PRINCIPLE OF CONSTRUCTION AND THE RECESSED DESIGN FOR ENAMEL ORNAMENT.



SPANISH GOLD FROM A GALLEON OF THE LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: THE EMERALD CROSS, THE PEARL BUTTONS AND VARIOUS PIECES OF GOLD, STAMPED WITH SEVERAL MARKS, INCLUDING THE WORD "PINTO," WHICH SUGGESTS A COLOMBIAN ORIGIN FOR THE GOLD.

SPANISH TREASURE FROM A GALLEON OF 350 YEARS AGO: RICH JEWELS FROM A BERMUDA REEF.

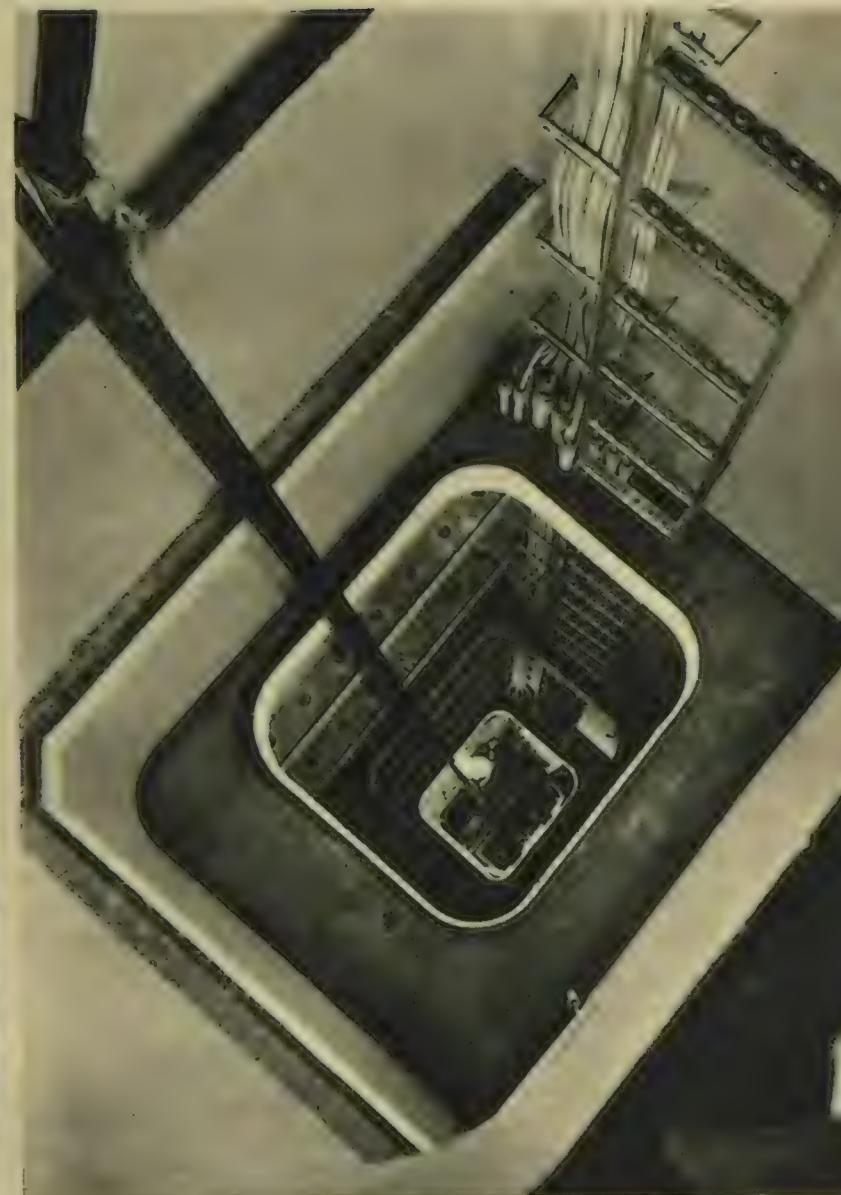
In our issue of January 8 we recorded with a number of photographs (by Mr. F. L. Hamilton) some of the rich discoveries made by the Bermudian divers, Edward Tucker and Robert Canton, from the submerged wreckage of what appears to have been a Spanish treasure ship which sank off Bermuda between about 1592 and 1609. The objects salvaged included ship's armament and furnishings, a great quantity of coinage, mostly silver pieces-of-eight; and the gold which we illustrate here from colour photographs

by Mr. F. L. Hamilton. From the name "Pinto" impressed on the gold bar it may be assumed that the gold came from the River Pinto, in Colombia, was cast in rough shapes and stamped with various official marks, including incuse impressions made, presumably, by hammering a piece-of-eight against the gold. It has also been stated that the cabochon emeralds are of Colombian origin; and from the design it seems possible that the cross was made in the New World to a Spanish design.

ESCALATORS SUPERSEDE COMPANION-WAYS FOR THE
U.S. SAILOR: IN THE NEW U.S.S. SARATOGA.



OFFICIALLY DESCRIBED AS THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL WARSHIP: THE 60,000-TON U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER *SARATOGA* BEING MOVED INTO HER NEW BERTH AT THE NEW YORK NAVAL SHIPYARD. SHE WAS COMMISSIONED ON APRIL 14.



LOOKING DOWN THE HATCH OF THE *SARATOGA* FROM THE SECOND DECK: SHE IS THE SECOND OF THE "FORRESTAL" CLASS AIRCRAFT CARRIERS TO HAVE BEEN COMMISSIONED AND HAS COST OVER 200,000,000 DOLLARS.



EQUIPPED WITH ALL MODERN AMENITIES! ONE OF THE THREE ESCALATORS IN THE ULTRA-MODERN *SARATOGA*.

Largely as a result of experience gained during the last war, the aircraft carrier has replaced the battleship as the spearhead of the modern fleet. Last year the United States aircraft carrier *Forrestal* was commissioned as the first of a class of the world's largest aircraft carriers. On April 14 the U.S.S. *Saratoga*, the second carrier in the "Forrestal" class, was commissioned. This giant carrier was symbolically launched in the Brooklyn naval yard last October 8. The *Saratoga*'s

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE VAST HANGAR DECK ON THE *SARATOGA*, WHICH CAN CARRY OVER 100 AIRCRAFT: ON THE LEFT IS THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE FOUR DECK-EDGE ELEVATORS.

displacement is 60,000 tons, and her overall length is 1036 ft. She will be able to carry from 90 to over 100 aircraft, according to their size and shape. She has a complement of 3826 men. Her flight-deck is canted, in the British manner, and has three separate launching areas for aircraft. A television system has been installed to aid in landing on aircraft. There has been some controversy in the United States about the very heavy cost of building these warships.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM has a strong, natural gift of self-expression. He is a good speaker and an exceptionally good broadcaster. Now he proves himself, up to a point, an excellent writer also. Up to a point, because some of his passages are lacking in distinction and occasionally he slips dangerously close to the "corny." However, he atones by vigour, lucidity and the engaging qualities of heart, allied to formidable qualities of head, which are revealed in his pages, modestly written though they are. He atones, too, by some passages which have almost the force of those of Kipling. If his praise of individuals appears too uniform, we must remember how difficult it is for one in his position to show objectivity in personal matters so soon after the events described. Sometimes, too, he implies criticism in one direction by means of praise directed in another, a subtle procedure which takes one by surprise but adds pepper to the story.

On the whole, individuals do not take a large part in "Defeat into Victory."* It is a record of the writer's own actions and experiences, and, on the other hand, of the Army which he led. He describes the operations in considerable detail. Perhaps an older hand at the job of writing would have smoothed these out, but they are not very lengthy, and, anyhow, I expect that the eyes of all but soldiers will tend to slide across them. The Army is the hero of the book, deservedly so. The title would stand for the experiences of a number of British armies in this and other wars, but it applies particularly to Burma. Seldom, even in our wars, has a series of such preliminary trouncings been followed by such overwhelming victory. The narrator played a big part in the transformation of the scene. Those who talk of "soldiers' wars" speak truth, but generals make their armies what they become. Slim made the strategy and tactics too, and at least fathered the administration and supply on which all hung.

It is a frank book. The General is, to begin with, frank about himself. Imperceptibility is said to be one of the greatest assets of a commander. I do not think he was armoured all over in this respect, but it matters little so long as the commander contrives not to show that a thinner place has been struck or to act as though it had been. Self-mastery is what counts, and that he assuredly possessed. Judgments are also frank. They are not toned down in the light of subsequent developments. Of the revolt in Bihar, for instance, he writes: "We, with all Bengal and Orissa left as our responsibility, had to bear in mind the possibility that the rebellion was concerted with the Japanese and that an invasion might be attempted simultaneously. . . . There was no definite indication of such a

link up between Congress and the Japanese, but the public utterances of its leaders and the systematic wrecking of strategic communications lent colour to the idea. . . . The lot of the Indian policeman was a particularly unhappy one. He was called upon to suppress and jail the very people whom he shrewdly and rightly suspected would to-morrow be the Government and have absolute control of his and his family's fate."

The late Orde Wingate is pictured at a moment of crisis which has since become widely known. When the second of his raids behind the enemy's front was about to start, an air photograph disclosed that one of the three landing-fields was covered with tree-trunks. Learning that the other two were not, Slim urged that the brigades should use these only. Wingate believed that the plan had been betrayed and must be cancelled. He got into "a very emotional state" and declared that his superior's amendment would be "murder." Regaining his control, "after thinking for a moment, he said there would be great risk. I agreed. He paused, then looked straight at me. 'The responsibility is yours,' he said." Of course it was. This was not, however, the best moment for saying so. In a footnote, Slim mentions that in a written account of the incident Wingate reversed their roles, adding that such was not his impression

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE FOURTEENTH ARMY COMMANDER'S STORY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

then or in accordance with the notes he made nearer the time.

Turning defeat into victory was exceptionally difficult. On the medical side alone it was daunting. In 1943, 120 men were sent back sick for every one by reason of a wound. The annual malaria rate was 84 per cent. of the strength of the Army. Dysentery, skin diseases and jungle typhus trod on the heels of malaria. Supplies were short. So were even such basic weapons as those carried by the man, Sten-guns and Tommy-guns being as much as 75 per cent. in arrears. Then troops had begun to lose the precious asset of expecting victory. The defeat in the Mayu peninsula, at the toe of the Arakan, in 1943 was far more sinister than the original expulsion from Burma, because in the latter case the two divisions under Slim's command had never had a real chance. It would take too much room to recount the measures taken to abolish all these defects and others, but it is clear that the Army Commander himself had a big hand in the work.

The strategy and tactics of victory took long to evolve, partly because one considerable and one major Japanese offensive, in the Arakan and on the Imphal-Kohima front, had first to be met and defeated.

The system worked pretty well. Probably simplicity was unattainable, but it is questionable whether the patchwork need have been so extravagant.

It contrasted sharply with the austerity of the Fourteenth Army's own arrangements and resources. Whether the public memory of Slim's achievement proves long or short, whether realisation of how it was attained

proves widespread or narrow, students of war ought always to find interest in comparing the means at his disposal—not in troops, where he had numerical superiority, but in material and communications—with what he made of them. He and his engineers became masters of the art of improvisation. With them should be remembered the British and American airmen, without whose intelligence, determination and daring he would have been unable to keep his army supplied in its rapid and far-ranging manoeuvres and thrusts, even on the ascetic scale on which it had to exist. In his place the average competent commander would never have been able to mount an effective counter-offensive.

The moral victory which he had won after being driven out of Burma did not mark the end of the moral problem. On this subject he has to speak with restraint, but for those with ears to hear he speaks plainly enough. The British soldier was more subject to nostalgia and what the French soldier calls *le cafard* than the Indian. For the British, the Burmese jungle and forest stood for exile and misery to a far greater extent than the North African desert. Their minds became fixed upon the prospect of repatriation. Their units were left short of reinforcements, who

would have brought in new blood and fresh resiliency. Here again Slim showed himself an inspiring and imaginative leader, but it was beyond his power to maintain the British effort, as compared with the Indian, at the same level up to the end of the campaign.

Sir William Slim finds the causes of the early defeats partly in the vagueness of the strategic object, the lack of directions from above. "As a result," he writes, "our plans had to be based on a rather nebulous, short-term idea of holding ground—we were not even sure what ground or for what purpose." A much more important element, however, was Japanese training and doctrine. The Japanese were ready to fight a jungle war, and we were not. This was remarkable, because they had no experience of war of this sort, whereas we had. We had even fought in Burma before. In some respects an insight into Japanese tactics could be obtained from study of the Russo-Japanese War. The writer notes, for instance, how in that war they had piled their weight into their punches, leaving their defensive fronts



HOW THE ANCIENT EASTER ISLAND STATUES COULD HAVE BEEN ERECTED: AN EXPERIMENT CONDUCTED RECENTLY IN WHICH EASTER ISLANDERS OF TO-DAY, USING THE ANCIENT METHODS AND MATERIALS, ERECTED A FALLEN STATUE WHICH WEIGHED ABOUT 15 TONS.

Elsewhere in this issue we report the latest news from the expedition under the famous Norwegian explorer Thor Heyerdahl, which is examining the enigmatic ancient culture of the lonely Pacific island, Easter Island. One of the riddles of this strange island has been how the huge stone statues, some of them as much as 50 tons in weight, were erected on their platforms. Early in February, under Mr. Heyerdahl's direction, twelve Easter Islanders, in the course of eighteen days, succeeded in erecting a fallen statue (height about 11½ ft., weight about 15 tons), using blocks of lava as wedges and timbers as levers. "It will be recalled that a rather parallel experiment was conducted near Stonehenge, using an equivalent of one of the bluestones, to discover how these stones were originally transported by land and water; and that this experiment was televised by the B.B.C. in July, 1954.

Certain of the new ideas, however, were translated into action in these defensive battles, notably troop-carrying and supply by air. The turning-point of the war was reached in these two victories; in fact, with most enemies the end would have come more quickly than it did. Only the quality, which we unkindly called "fanaticism" in the Japanese soldier and which we must now recognise to have been valour of a kind rarely equalled in history, deferred it. The change in Slim's methods after the two victories is, however, of much interest. Once he knew that his troops knew they could win, his boldness increased remarkably. And, hard as the enemy continued to fight, there were henceforth few actions, big or little, which the troops of the Fourteenth Army did not win.

I have always thought that the command "set-up" was top-heavy. The author of "Defeat into Victory" does not say so, but I have the impression that he would not altogether disagree. The principle was sound. It was invaluable to have a supreme command to co-ordinate the operations of air and land forces, to deal with General Stilwell, and to control his Chinese, so far as that was feasible. Otherwise it appears that there were too many bosses. Between the Supreme Command and the Army came the 11th Army Group, with virtually only the corps in the Arakan to look after, apart from the Fourteenth Army itself. To add to the complications, the Commander-in-Chief in India was responsible for providing most of the backing for the campaigns.

incredibly thin. This was to be repeated, but otherwise their tactics were markedly different.

The difference is indeed a tribute to their intelligence. I venture to quote some words from my own writings on Manchuria: "The Japanese advanced by bounds, the men running with bodies bent and dropping to the ground on a given signal. In contrast to the thin lines of men extended to five paces' interval who gradually built up the firing-line, this was made extremely dense. Fire was first opened at about half a mile from the position attacked. The ranks were calm; there was no shouting, all signals being given by hand. The movement was often slow, and at the Battle of Mukden a battalion took three-and-a-half hours to get to within a quarter of a mile of the objective." Could anything have been more "regular" than this style of fighting?

Turning from the most open to the closest type of country, the Japanese entirely remodelled their tactics, retaining their extreme boldness and insistence on the offensive. Those qualities had proved too much for the Russian troops of half a century ago, as, in alliance with the new jungle and forest tactics, they proved too much for us for a long time. However, as Sir William Slim remarks, we had greater powers of adaptation than the Russians of those days. His "we" is modest. Of course, we should have adapted ourselves to the situation if he had never appeared on the scene, but I doubt if it would have been as thoroughly or as effectively.

* "Defeat into Victory." By Field Marshal Sir William Slim. (Cassell; 25s.)

MARSHAL BULGANIN AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV—THE PROGRAMME OF THEIR VISIT.



MARSHAL NICHOLAI BULGANIN, PRIME MINISTER OF THE SOVIET UNION, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS. HE WAS BORN IN 1895.



(ABOVE.) PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER DURING A PREVIOUS FOREIGN TOUR—THAT OF INDIA, BURMA, AND AFGHANISTAN: MARSHAL BULGANIN (LEFT) AND MR. KHRUSHCHEV PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THEIR VISIT TO AN OBSERVATORY NEAR NEW DELHI.



EN ROUTE FOR ENGLAND: MR. KHRUSHCHEV (LEFT) AND MARSHAL BULGANIN AT A MOSCOW RAILWAY STATION ON APRIL 14. THEY SAILED FROM BALTISK ON APRIL 15.

The official programme for the nine-day visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev was announced on April 11, the chief engagements being as follows. April 18: Arrival by sea at Portsmouth and journey by train to London. April 19: London, various visits, and discussions at Downing Street. April 20: Discussions at Downing Street, Mansion House luncheon and dinner at Greenwich. April 21: Visits to Harwell, Oxford and Chequers. April 22: From Chequers to audience with H.M. the Queen at Windsor, followed by reception



MR. NIKITA S. KHRUSHCHEV, THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION, AND A MEMBER OF THE PRAESIDIUM.

at County Hall, London. April 23: Visit to Birmingham, R.A.F. station, Marham, and return to London for dinner with Labour Party. April 24: Discussions at Downing Street, visit to Houses of Parliament, dinner at the Soviet Embassy. April 25: Discussions at Downing Street, luncheon with Foreign Secretary, Press conference, and Covent Garden performance. April 26: Visit to Calder Hall Atomic establishment, and thence to Edinburgh. April 27: Departure by train from London, and later by sea from Portsmouth.



UNCOVERING A HITHERTO UNKNOWN EASTER ISLAND COLOSSAL STATUE: A DISCOVERY MADE LAST NOVEMBER. UNLIKE PREVIOUSLY KNOWN STATUES, THIS IS OF RED TUFF.



A THREE-MASTED REED RAFT—A HITHERTO UNKNOWN INSCRIPTION REVEALED ON THE NEWLY EXCAVATED BASE OF A KNOWN EASTER ISLAND STATUE—SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

NEW EASTER ISLAND DISCOVERIES: A NEW KIND OF STATUE; AND A SHIP INSCRIPTION.

Since the first European landed there on Easter Day, 1722, the lonely Pacific island Easter Island (about 2000 miles from the coast of Chile and 1100 miles from Pitcairn) has stirred and teased the imaginations of all who have learnt of the huge enigmatic statues, which rise from its surface, and the cryptic script, found incised on wooden tablets, for which no satisfactory interpretation has been found. On November 1 last year an expedition including experts from

Norway, France, the United States and Chile, and headed by the Norwegian scientist and explorer, Mr. Thor Heyerdahl, of *Kon-Tiki* fame, landed on the island and began a series of excavations and experiments which may last a year. Within a month of arrival Mr. Heyerdahl announced that he had discovered by excavation a hitherto unknown statue of a hitherto unknown type. Unlike the known statues, which are all of a darkish grey compressed volcanic ash,

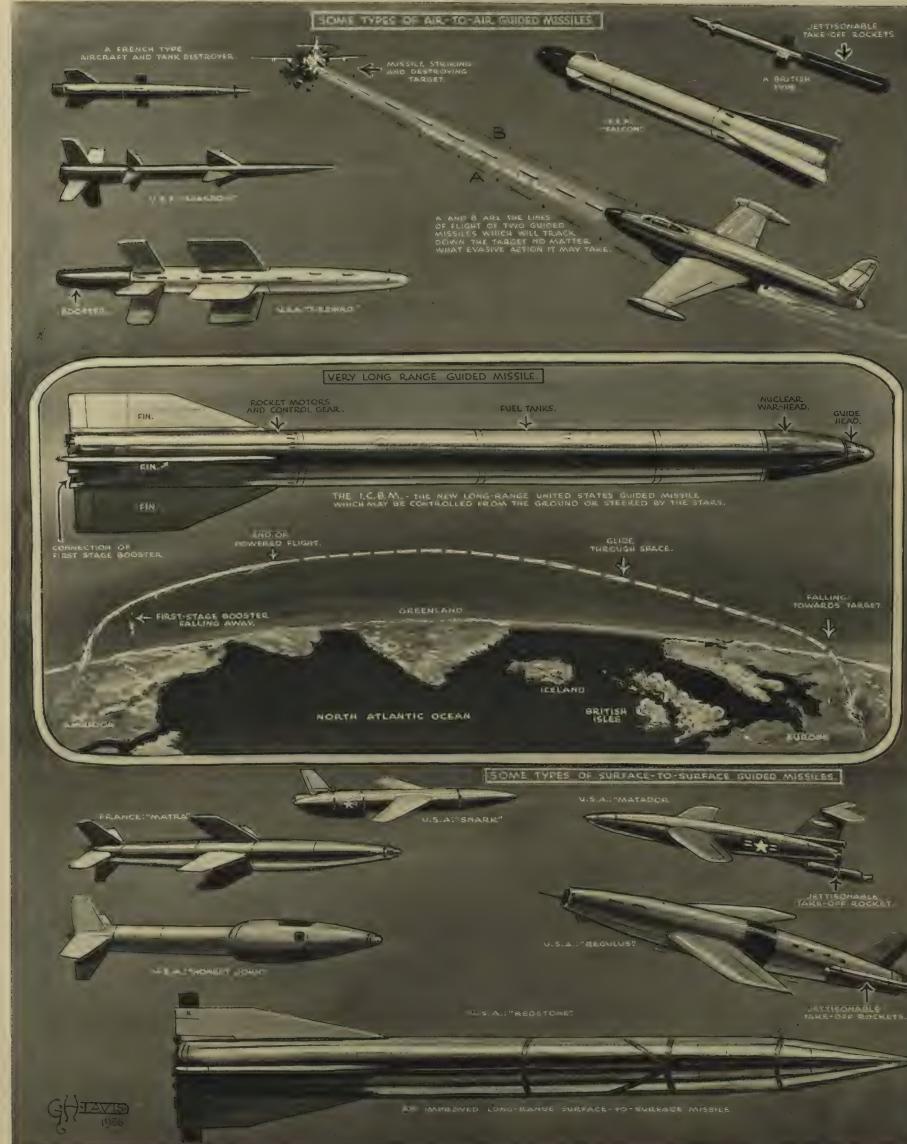
[Continued opposite.]



A DISCOVERY WHICH MAY HELP TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF EASTER ISLAND: A STATUE BASE REVEALED TO SHOW A SHIP MADE OF REEDS, WITH THREE MASTS, CARVED ON THE BREAST OF THE STATUE.

Continued.
this statue is of the red tuff which otherwise was only used for the tall cylindrical hats with which the other statues were crowned. The style of the statue is different also and marks, it is claimed, a transition between the usual Easter Island style and the prehistoric stone statues of South America. Several other statues were excavated or cleared and on the lower part of one, as shown in two of the photographs reproduced, there was found a carving representing a ship-like raft, with three masts with sails, manned apparently with turtle-

fishers. Under Mr. Heyerdahl's direction some of the islanders made two types of reed raft, one large and one small, and these were successfully tested in the surf and open sea. The two rafts were built in traditional styles, believed to be ancestral in Easter Island; and Mr. Heyerdahl has said that the larger type much resembles the reed rafts still used on Lake Titicaca, in Peru. Both types were called "Pora" by the islanders. As described on page 352, another experiment was carried out, the erecting of a fallen statue, using only ancient methods and means.



THE MEANS OF TRANSATLANTIC BOMBARDMENT: INTERCONTINENTAL GUIDED MISSILES, WITH VARIOUS
President Eisenhower's proposal, in the budget for the year starting July 1, to devote a record sum of £455,000,000 on the development of intercontinental guided weapons, a 5,000-mile range, and intermediate range weapons; and various conflicting rumours as to the relative progress of the U.S.A. and Russia in guided missile research and production, have emphasised that the threat of any future world war lies in these weapons and that it is these two nations, Russia and America, which are the chief offenders. The U.S.A. has been the first to develop the missile, but it is not known exactly how far Russia has gone in research and production; her ministers have, claimed, that they possess a weapon capable of bypassing, i.e. infiltrating, the defences of the U.S.S.R. and that they have missiles of extremely long range.

DEAR FRIENDS,



ALLIED AND SHORTER RANGE "PUSH-BUTTON" WEAPONS—SOME MODERN AND PROJECTED TYPES

propulsion. The ram-jet is a very simple type of prime mover and has very few working parts compared with the jet engine or the pulse motor. In the ram-jet air enters at the front, is mixed with inflammable oil and fired. This increases its force and when it is driven through the venturi tube it must travel at a very high speed if the ram-jet is to be effective; and with this in view booster rockets are used for the initial take-off. When the required speed is reached, the ram-jet is ignited, the burnt-out rockets are jettisoned, and from this point the greater the speed of the vehicle the greater is the power exerted by the ram-jet. Naturally such a vehicle must have some form of automatic metering control of the fuel supply and much research is being devoted to this. Further work will be required to cover the maintenance of the proper flying speed independent of altitude, since at the heights at which these vehicles will fly the air is attenuated and air is part of the fuel used. Although in this country we may be behind the Americans in the field of guided missiles generally, and particularly as regards ram-jets, we have a number of designs that have successfully passed preliminary trials; and, as an announcement on March 8, a test vehicle powered by Napier engines has under control recently reached a height greater than any previously reached in the U.K. by a ram-jet vehicle.



ST. PAUL'S IN ITS PROPOSED NEW SETTING: A DRAWING BASED ON SIR WILLIAM HOLFORD'S PLAN FOR THE PRECINCTS—NOW BEING CONSIDERED BY THE COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL

Twice in the last four centuries a large section of the City of London has been destroyed, and both occasions there has been a great deal of controversy about the reconstruction. The area last lost, unfortunately, St. Paul's Cathedral. Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece burnt after the Great Fire of 1666, deserved the destruction of the blitz. Since that terrible night at the end of 1940, when the area surrounding the Cathedral was almost completely destroyed, a number of plans have been put forward for its reconstruction. The latest,

of these is Sir William Holford's scheme, which is shown in the drawing reproduced on these pages. The City Corporation appointed Sir William Holford to prepare this scheme after Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, had asked that the London Development Plan should be amended to give a more working basis to Sir William's scheme. The Holford scheme has been given a mixed reception, but the bold conception of the plan as a whole has been generally well received. One criticism put forward is that the

approach to the Cathedral is not "majestic" enough. On the other hand, it has been pointed out that the proposed layout enables St. Paul's to be clearly seen from every angle. Sir William Holford has incorporated a considerable number of open spaces, and has also proposed a new shopping centre as well as the usual office blocks, and associated flats. This area, he has suggested that the historic Temple Bar be set up as the north-eastern gateway to the new precincts of the cathedral, which will be confined to pedestrians only. The new chair school will be behind

the east end of the Cathedral. Beyond this there will be an extensive lawn, under which it is proposed to construct car parks. The twenty-two-storey office block seen on the left of the drawing will be the central feature of the group of office blocks to the north-west of St. Paul's. Traffic coming up Ludgate Hill will be diverted up a widened Carter Lane, which passes behind the existing Deansery, setting the right-hand plan forward. The Holford scheme is now being reviewed by the Court of Common Council of the City of London.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, DENNIS FLANDERS.

AN UNUSUAL TASK FORCE: BEAVERS DROPPED BY PARACHUTE TO BUILD DAMS IN CALIFORNIA.



AT THE AIRPORT: BEAVERS IN WIRE CAGES WAITING TO BE TRANSFERRED INTO THE CANVAS SACKS, HALF-FILLED WITH STRAW, IN WHICH THEY WILL BE DROPPED.

(LEFT)
FALLING FROM THE SKY: A BEAVER IN A SACK OF STRAW BEING PARACHUTED INTO A SIERRA NEVADA MEADOW.

BY 1950 it had been determined in California that beavers were doing a great deal of damage in some areas, and their burrowing and dam-building activities were conflicting with the conservation plans. At the same time, however, there was still a shortage of beavers in areas threatened by erosion. The California Department of Fish and Game had decided on a method of

[Continued below, left.]

(RIGHT)
TWO OFFICERS OF THE CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF FISH AND GAME CARRY A CAPTURED BEAVER (WHICH IS TO BE PARACHUTED INTO A NEW HOME) FROM THE STREAM TO A TRUCK.



HANDLING A CAPTURED BEAVER: A CONSERVATION OFFICER ABOUT TO USE THE BEAVER'S BROAD FLAT TAIL AS A CONVENIENT HAND-HOLD.



TURNS ROUND SO THAT ITS HEAD PROTRUDES FROM THE SACK, QUICKLY

solving both problems by transplanting beavers from one area to another. They found that the most economic and convenient method of resettling the animals was to drop them by parachute into their new homes. Each beaver is "packed" in a coarse canvas sack which is half-filled with straw. As the parachute floats earthwards the beaver's weight holds the sack around its neck, with its head in the air. When the parachute reaches the ground and collapses, the beaver's landing is cushioned by the straw, and the animal walks out of the sack. Normally

two males and two females are dropped in the same spot. It has been estimated that two average beavers, using trees, stones, reeds and mud, can build a dam 18 ft. long and 6 ft. wide in about three weeks, with water-distributing effects that can be beneficial for miles around. How effective the work of a beaver landing-party can be is indicated by a carefully-observed transplantation project in the State of Idaho. It was found that one couple built 17 dams in a season, and, three years later, had built 100, creating many meadows for cattle grazing.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S NIECE WEDS IN BAVARIA.



AT THE RECEPTION IN A MUNICH HOTEL ON THE EVE OF HER WEDDING: THE BRIDE WITH HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, COUNTESS WERNBERG.



ARRIVING AT MUNICH-RIEN AIRPORT FOR THE WEDDING: PRINCESS ISABELLE, DAUGHTER OF THE COUNT OF PARIS' ELEVEN CHILDREN.



WALKING IN MUNICH: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT (LEFT) WITH HER COUSIN, THE BRIDE, HELEN, COUNTESS ZU TOERRING-JETTENBACH.



LEAVING THE CHAPEL OF SCHLOSS-SEEFELD, BAVARIA: THE BRIDAL PROCESSION AFTER THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY WHICH TOOK PLACE ON APRIL 10.



AT A RECEPTION IN THE VIER JAHRHESSEITEN HOTEL IN MUNICH, ON THE WEDDING EVE: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA; ARCHDUKE FERDINAND OF HABSBURG (BRIDEGROOM); HELEN, COUNTESS ZU TOERRING-JETTENBACH (BRIDE) AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT.



HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN: PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND ARRIVING AT THE VIER JAHRHESSEITEN HOTEL.



AT THE WEDDING-EVE PARTY: (L. TO R.) THE COUNTESS OF BADEN; PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA AND PRINCESS KIRA, WIFE OF PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND OF PRUSSIA. OTTO VON HABSBURG, PRETENDER TO THE AUSTRIAN THRONE, ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.



Members of many of Europe's Royal families attended the marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand of Habsburg, thirty-seven-year-old nephew of the last Emperor of Austria-Hungary, and eighteen-year-old Helen, Countess zu Toerring-Jettenbach, on April 10, in the chapel of Schloss-Seefeld, the Toerring seat south of Munich. Because of the size of the wedding the guests at the ceremony were limited to seventy-two, most of them close relatives. They included the Duchess of Kent, the bride's aunt; Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael of Kent; ex-King Umberto of Italy; Prince Louis Ferdinand von Hohenzollern; Prince Paul of Yugoslavia; Archduke Otto von Habsburg, the Pretender to the throne of Austria; the Count of Paris, the Pretender to the throne of France, and many descendants of former German kings and princes. On the previous evening over 200 guests attended a reception at the *Vier Jahreszeiten* hotel in Munich.



JUST before Christmas I read Miss Hester Chapman's excellent biography of Queen Mary II, the consort of Dutch William, and was therein reminded that this nearly forgotten princess seems to have been the first of her line to take a real interest in the arts, supervising the building and furnishing of Kensington Palace herself, and gathering together a collection of Japanese Porcelain. Some of this is still to be seen at Hampton Court. And who, since her day, has taken much interest in Japanese Porcelain? Not, apparently, the Japanese themselves, who were much more interested in their pottery, but eighteenth-century fashionables and every porcelain factory in Europe which paid it the compliment of imitation. Then there was the age of Whistler and, in due course, the horrified discovery that what was thought to be truly Japanese then—Satsuma Ware—was something the Japanese themselves wouldn't be seen dead with; and so, to cut a long story short, a general feeling that most things Japanese, whether porcelain or no, were liable to

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

THE RISING SUN.

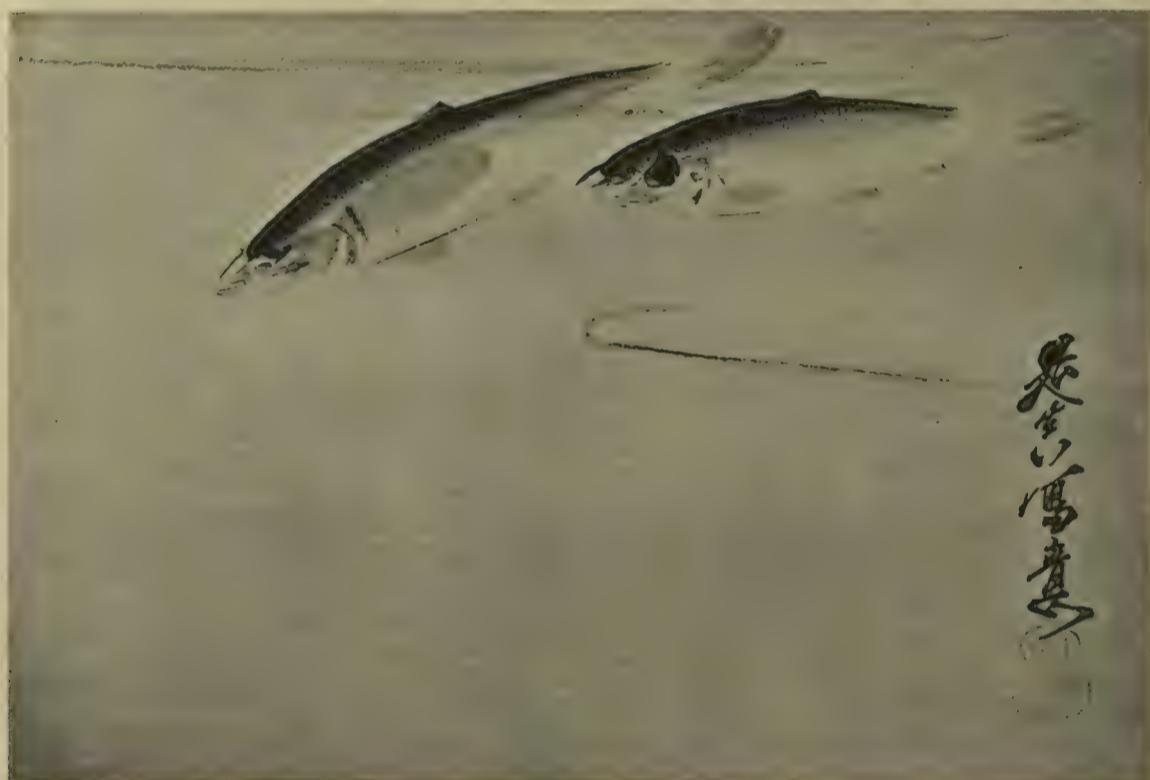
By FRANK DAVIS.

the Japanese to have been so maddeningly imitative most of the time, most of all when they rather anaemically follow Ming styles! How tiresome of them, in spite of such great gifts, never apparently to have achieved a broad monumental style, not even in painting! How exquisite their feeling for flowers and trees, birds and beasts! There's a monkey—in the Bluett show—by Mori Sosen (1767-1821), and also a deer by Hoitsu (1761-1828), painted with extraordinary understanding and a sense of form and balance which has its counterpart, I suggest, in pieces such as the saucer dish illustrated below, and made at the end of the seventeenth or at the beginning of the eighteenth century in that so-called Kakiemon style which all Europe admired at the time.

Kakiemon is from the name of the family of potters which, according to the Japanese, began with Kakiemon I (1595-1666), himself a potter's son, and has come down to Kakiemon XII, born in 1840 and said to be still alive. It seems to be next to impossible to distinguish one from the other. Perhaps in time a method of dating the porcelain will be evolved in place of the present very vague classification, though I venture to doubt whether that will do much to help people to appreciate it; if a thing is good, it is timeless; if it is not good, who cares when it was made? But this is heretical and will get me into trouble with

all those who become hot and bothered about dates. To proceed, most of us find ourselves puzzled or bored by the subject of many of the prints and paintings. We can appreciate the magnificent line of a print by Utamaro, for example, but to a Japanese there is presumably more in it than that—an actor in a particular part, or a famous beauty; but to us the actor is merely grimacing and the girl is far from beautiful. Nor are we sufficiently knowledgeable to be impressed by the set of five prints of "The Goblins" illustrating "The 100 Ghost Stories," by Hokusai—famous things which some like to compare with etchings by Goya, but they are surely greatly inferior to Goya.

Little vivid thumbnail sketches are held up as specially marvellous—what subtlety and movement in a line or two!—but such things have been common currency in Europe for generations; it is not that these slight little scribbles are not well done, but that they have been not less well done and with no less economy of means by all sorts of people in many countries—by Rowlandson, for example, or by Constantin Guys, or by Whistler—indeed, the list could reach from here to next Tuesday week. This seems to me to be a case in which enthusiasts for the delicacy and understatement inherent in so much of Japanese art (and among them I number myself) often spoil our case by persuading ourselves that some graceful little stroke of the brush



INCLUDED IN ONE OF THE THREE EXHIBITIONS OF JAPANESE ART DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE: A PRINT BY SHIBATA ZESHIN (1820-1891) OF TWO FISHES, IN BLACK ON A SPECKLED MICA GROUND. THIS IS TO BE SEEN AT THE EXHIBITION AT BLUETT AND SONS, 48, DAVIES STREET, WHICH IS OPEN UNTIL APRIL 28. (14½ by 10 ins.)

be trivial or tiresome, or at best, laborious imitations of the Chinese.

This spring, attention has been drawn to Japanese art in general and to Japanese porcelain in particular by three exhibitions: first, the loan exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square, staged by the Oriental Ceramic Society; then a smaller show—also of porcelain—at the John Sparks Gallery (now over), and third, a mixed exhibition of various things other than porcelain at Bluett and Sons. I understand also that arrangements are in hand under official auspices for an exhibition next year on a much larger scale, for which many fine things never before seen in Europe will be brought from Japan. Thus, in one way and another, we are being, or are about to be, given several opportunities of looking at a wide range of Japanese art in addition to those we already possess and so rarely appreciate (I mean, of course, the opportunities at our finger-tips at the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert), and of forming our own assessment, almost as if the subject was completely new to us. Greatly daring and knowing that in time I may change my mind and eat my words, I venture to pontificate mildly as follows:

How sensible of the Japanese never to have bothered about the detailed history of their ceramic industry, thereby throwing the burden of a scientific approach upon European pundits who enjoy that sort of thing and believe it to be important! How exasperating of



A JAPANESE WOOD INRO (MEDICINE BOX), WITH FIGURES OF RECLINING HORSES IN GOLD AND SILVER LACQUER IN LOW RELIEF. THIS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PIECE IS ALSO AT THE BLUETT EXHIBITION.

by a gifted Japanese draughtsman possesses a very special magic denied to men of grosser Western clay; whereby, I submit, we merely show that we have thrown rational standards overboard. Where I do suggest that the Japanese have no rivals is in a minor craft like lacquer, which they seem to me to handle with wonderful reticence, even combining it with mother-of-pearl and yet making the marriage successful; certainly, there are several examples of lacquer of extraordinary accomplishment in the Bluett exhibition, far removed from the rather niggling fussiness which, during the past hundred years, has become associated with so many products from Japan.

To sum up the impression derived from these three shows—here is delicate workmanship, a beautiful sense of form and very little that has not been done as well, or better, by the Chinese who first showed the way. Now that we seem to be in a fair way to recapture some of the enthusiasm felt by Queen Mary II 250 years ago, we may hope to learn more about the growth and development of these various crafts. If a wide circle of collectors begins to take a serious interest in the subject, no doubt many pieces, particularly of porcelain, will be disinterred from attics and cellars and will appear in the auction rooms. It is by no means inconceivable that within a few years the names of Arita, Kutani, and Nabeshima will have become as familiar as Dresden or Sèvres or Chelsea; indeed, I myself may be pointing out to a shamefaced world how blind people have been for so long a time.



AN ARITA SAUCER DISH IN KAKIEMON STYLE WHICH WAS INCLUDED IN A RECENT EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE PORCELAIN AT SPARKS'. THE OTHER EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE PORCELAIN REFERRED TO BY MR. DAVIS IS THAT ARRANGED BY THE ORIENTAL CERAMIC SOCIETY, WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY UNTIL APRIL 28. THIS IMPORTANT EXHIBITION IS ILLUSTRATED ON THE FACING PAGE. (Diameter: 8½ ins.)

FINE JAPANESE PORCELAIN: AT THE ORIENTAL CERAMIC SOCIETY EXHIBITION.



AN ARITA OVIFORM JAR OF THE KAKIEMON GROUP: AT THE EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE PORCELAIN AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY, 4, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE. (Height, 14½ ins.) (Mr. Gerald Reitlinger.)



A BEAUTIFUL BLUE-AND-WHITE ARITA DISH. ALL THE PIECES IN THIS EXHIBITION ARE LENT BY MEMBERS OF THE ORIENTAL CERAMIC SOCIETY, FROM THEIR PRIVATE COLLECTIONS. (Diameter, 10½ ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Richard de la Mare.)



AN ARITA JAR, DECORATED WITH GROWING PEONIES AND OTHER PLANTS. THIS EXHIBITION REMAINS OPEN UNTIL APRIL 28. (Height, 9½ ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Soame Jenyns.)



A PEAR-SHAPED KUTANI WARE BOTTLE, PROBABLY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 17 ins.) (Mr. Gerald Reitlinger.)



THREE STRIKING FIGURES OF LADIES, DECORATED IN ENAMELS IN KAKIEMON STYLE. IN THE CENTRAL FIGURE THE OUTER KIMONO IS DECORATED WITH WISTARIA AND BAMBOOS AND THE INNER WITH FLORETS AND LEAVES. IN ALL THREE THE HAIR AND SASH IS BLACK. (Height of central figure, 15½ ins.) (From l. to r.: Mr. and Mrs. Soame Jenyns, Mr. and Mrs. Richard de la Mare and Sir Harry and Lady Garner.)



A FINE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY KUTANI WARE PEAR-SHAPED BOTTLE, DECORATED WITH FRET-PATTERN PANELS. (Height, 8½ ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Soame Jenyns.)



A BOTTLE IN THE FORM OF A GOURD, DECORATED IN ENAMELS AND UNDERGLAZE BLUE: PROBABLY NABESHIMA WARE. (Height, 7½ ins.) (Mr. Gerald Reitlinger.)



AN ARITA OCTAGONAL DISH WITH FLANGED RIM: THIS PATTERN WAS COPIED AT CHELSEA UNDER THE TITLE OF "HOB IN THE WELL." (Diameter, 7½ ins.) (Mr. A. R. McDonnell.)



AN ARITA CYLINDRICAL JAR WITH SIX LOBES, BELONGING TO THE GROUP OF PIECES GENERALLY CALLED "IMARI WARE." (Height, 11½ ins.) (Mr. K. Guichard.)

The Annual Exhibition of the Oriental Ceramic Society is once again beautifully arranged at the Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square. This year the exhibition is devoted to Japanese Porcelain, and it is comprised of some 300 pieces lent by members of the Society, from their private collections. This is the first major exhibition devoted entirely to Japanese Porcelain to be seen in London for many years, and it exemplifies a growing interest in this country in the ceramic art of

Japan. Mr. Soame Jenyns's introduction to the catalogue emphasises how little is really known about Japanese Porcelain either in Europe or Japan. Thus it is often difficult accurately to identify pieces, and even more difficult to date them. Most of the pieces in this exhibition were probably imported from Japan in the latter part of the 17th century, and this exhibition provides an especially good opportunity to study the 17th century Arita and Kutani porcelains.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN:

CASUALTIES AND SURVIVALS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THE can, I fear, be little doubt that the next few weeks will produce a grim tale of casualties in gardens all over the country.

I am writing during the first week in April, and that is too early to be certain of what has really happened during the recent severe winter. Nor can we be sure that plants which look reasonably happy now—happy, that is, in view of what has passed—will not collapse before really genial conditions come to the rescue. I remember a year or two ago hugging myself towards the end of March, because a bed of the Asiatic Ranunculus were in full leaf after winter weather which might well have cut them to ribbons, or reduced them to slush—or so I thought. They were a bed of single and double varieties which I had raised from seed two or three years before, and which had flowered profusely and gloriously, so that I rejoiced at their fine fettle, and their carpet of vigorous foliage late in March. A week or two later, however, a few days of cold, unpleasant weather wiped out the whole lot. A most strange and puzzling happening this. Why should they succumb to a nasty, but only relatively nasty, spell of wind and cold, after weeks and months of far worse cold and general discomfort? I can only think that during the real winter months their sap and other precious juices were at a low ebb, turned off at the main, so to speak, and that then, at the first false signs of genial spring the sap began to rise, with the result that when touches of late frost occurred, the plants just burst their pipes and perished. A crude, unscientific theory, and a homely metaphor perhaps, but I can think of no better or more likely explanation of that sort of delayed action, which so often hits the garden just when one thinks that there has been a miraculous escape.

A day or two ago I was congratulated by a visitor on the state of my wallflowers, which compare well with the wallflowers in one of the public gardens in Leamington. There, apparently, the plants have been almost completely wiped out. Only a dozen or so have survived out of many hundreds—or thousands. Here, on the other hand, a very small sprinkling—perhaps 2 per cent., or less—are dead, whilst all the rest are looking smugly, almost self-consciously pleased with themselves. Oddly enough, in spite of some really shattering frosts, my wallflowers failed this winter to put on that more-dead-than-alive act with which wallflowers seem to enjoy making one's flesh creep. That awful parboiled look, with drooping leaves which look past all hope, but which is followed by a rapid miracle of recovery. There was little of that nonsense this winter, but the very few plants which have suffered really are dead, beyond all question. They were raised from mixed seed, laced with a few named varieties. It would be interesting to know whether the corpses are all one variety, some choice sort which is less hardy than the general run of wallflowers. But so dead are they that I shall never know.

I think a frequent cause of winter damage to wallflowers is too fat living during their adolescence in the nursery beds. The seeds are sown, and the seedlings transplanted and grown on in nursery rows or beds until the time comes to bed them out in autumn, in their spring-flowering quarters. If the intermediate nursery stage is spent in too rich, too heavily-manured soil, the plants tend to grow big and fat and sappy, and so too soft to stand up to hard winter weather. Growing the seedlings in good

but not rich loam, well-dressed with lime, and trodden hard and firm at planting time, will give tough, bushy, wiry specimens, capable of facing almost any English winter. And, by the by, it is good practice when planting out the young wallflowers from seed bed to nursery row, to nip off the tip of the tapered tap-root, and to pinch out the top of the growing plant. This induces the production of a mop of fibrous roots below ground, and good bushy growth above. I know many gardeners do not bother to do this. Some do not know of the technique, and a few laugh at it. But it is very little trouble to do, and it gives results

which make it well worth while.

Last summer I planted out in a trough of peaty soil a small specimen of the tiny trailing *Myrtus nummularia* from the Falkland Islands, hoping that it might prove hardy, but rather doubting. So far it looks happy enough, though I dare not count on safety for a week or two. *Calceolaria darwinii* in a stone trough in shade, grew and flowered quite well last summer, but is dead now. Having collected this astonishing dwarf in Patagonia, and introduced it

to gardens in this country, I find myself baffled in growing it, time after time, only to see it flourishing in other people's gardens and producing quantities of its huge golden blossoms on 2-in.-high stems in the most obliging way; behaviour which irks me not a little.

There is one plant about whose hardiness I had had qualms, but which I see pushing up vigorous green shoots quite unharmed—so far. This is that handsome terrestrial orchid from North Africa, *Orchis elata*. I have a colony of it growing in ordinary garden loam in a sunny border, and last summer it threw up its handsome spikes of crimson-purple flowers to a height of 2 ft., or thereabouts. Coming from where it does one might have expected it to resent the sort of winter that is just past. These two plants, *Calceolaria darwinii* and *Orchis elata*, seem to emphasise a general but not invariable tendency in plant behaviour, that plants from south of the Equator are far more apt to be unreliable in the English climate than plants coming from what appear to be similar conditions north of the Equator. It is apparently not only a question of winter temperature. New Zealand and Australian plants, coming even from great altitudes and so enduring extremely cold winter temperatures, are many of them, very many of them, most difficult to grow in the open air in this country. *Calceolaria darwinii* is a typical example of this weakness of southern plants. One would have thought that a plant which will flourish as I saw it flourishing in Patagonia would enjoy the worst that our climate could do. But no. It is, I am sorry to say, if not a hardy plant, a most difficult and unreliable one. Perhaps it is a martyr to horticultural gremlins, as some plants are martyrs to green fly. Or maybe, having such a strange, gnome-like appearance, the plant is, in truth, itself a vegetable gremlin.

What a pleasant milestone it is in the season advancing towards summer, when the lawn-mowers first come out of their long winter hibernation. Perhaps I feel particularly happy about this, because I do not mow the lawns myself, never have, and most certainly never will. Our lawns were given an Eton crop on the last Thursday in March—Maundy Thursday. Not that any significance was attached to that particular date. It was, I think, that our gardener felt impelled to mow, just as crocuses or snowdrops are mysteriously impelled to do the things they do in spring.

Anyway, the lawns were given an Eton crop—what might be called a playing-fields-of-Eton crop, and it was not until that first mowing of the year was finished that I realised how scruffy-looking the turf had become during its long, trying winter holiday. The Eton crop, together with a clipping of all the turf edgings, had a miraculous effect on the appearance of the whole garden. It reminded me of a remark made by a certain villager a month or so after I took over this garden ten years or so ago. He said it really looked as though someone lived here.



WALLFLOWERS: THE HOMELY PLANT WHOSE OVERWHELMING AND DENSE FRAGRANCE ON WARM SPRING DAYS IS THE VERY ESSENCE OF CHILDHOOD PERCEPTION. THIS WINTER HAS BEEN ESPECIALLY SEVERE ON WALLFLOWERS, AND MANY LARGE PLANTINGS IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED BY FROST.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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FRENCH PAINTINGS OF THE 19TH AND 20TH CENTURIES.



"*LE PÂTRE ITALIEN*"; BY J. B. C. COROT (1796-1875). THIS WORK, PAINTED IN ABOUT 1828, IS IN THE EXHIBITION *PARIS-LONDRES*, AT ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS, 31, BRUTON STREET. (Canvas; 13 by 9 ins.)



"*LE VIEUX MONSIEUR*"; BY J. L. FORAIN (1852-1931), WHO DID A GREAT DEAL OF WORK AS AN ILLUSTRATOR. THIS WATER-COLOUR, WHICH IS DATED ABOUT 1880, IS TYPICAL OF HIS VERY CLEVER CHARACTER SKETCHES. THE EXHIBITION AT TOOTH'S CONTINUES UNTIL APRIL 28. (Water-colour; 18½ by 13½ ins.)

FROM A VARIED EXHIBITION NOW IN LONDON.



"*LA LATIÈRE NORMANDE*"; A MOST IMPRESSIVE WORK PAINTED BY J. F. MILLET IN 1871, FOUR YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH. MILLET WAS THE SON OF A FARMER, AND MOST OF HIS WORKS PORTRAY COUNTRY FIGURES. (Millboard; 32 by 22 ins.)



"*LE QUAI ST. BERNARD*"; BY STANISLAS LEPINE (1836-1892), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF COROT. HE WAS ONE OF THE MINOR MASTERS OF THE 19TH-CENTURY FRENCH SCHOOL. HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT WAS LIFE ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE. (Canvas; 13 by 21½ ins.)



"*LA PETITE VANNERIE*"; BY J. B. C. COROT, BY WHOM THERE ARE FOUR WORKS IN THIS EXHIBITION. COROT HAS BEEN CALLED "THE LA FONTAINE OF FRENCH PAINTING." THIS WORK WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1860. (Canvas; 19 by 26½ ins.)



"*PAYSAGE DE PROVENCE*"; BY ANDRÉ DERAIN (1880-1954). THIS SMALL BUT STRIKING LANDSCAPE STUDY WAS PAINTED IN ABOUT 1932. (Canvas; 13½ by 16½ ins.)



"*LA SEINE À ARGENTEUIL, 1890*"; BY PAUL SIGNAC (1863-1935), WHO WAS SEURAT'S PRINCIPAL FOLLOWER IN THE NEO-IMPRESSIONIST SCHOOL. (Canvas; 23 by 35½ ins.)

This year the annual "Paris-Londres" Exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, 31, Bruton Street, contains thirty-three works, ranging in date from an early work by Corot to two recent works by R. Legueult, who is still living in France. Many of these French paintings have been recently acquired in France, and they will be on exhibition until April 28. Among the most impressive works in this exhibition is Millet's "Latière Normande," which is reproduced above. Millet was born at Gréville, near Cherbourg, and it was probably there that he painted

this picture—for during the period of the Franco-Prussian War he returned from Paris to his native village. There are three pleasant landscape sketches by Henri Harpignies (1819-1916), hanging in the corridor. The interesting Paul Signac reproduced above was painted during the short but important period of his close association with Georges Seurat, the founder of the Neo-Impressionist School, who died in 1891, aged only thirty-one. Signac was the enthusiastic theoretician of this movement, of which, after Seurat's death, he became the leader.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BIRDS have so completely mastered the art of flying that it is not a little surprising to find so few mammals have done so. The bats are, of course, the only truly flying mammals, although we also speak of flying squirrels and flying lemurs. These do no more than glide, whereas bats remain airborne by actual beats of the wings. There are many reptilian features in modern birds, enough at all events to give reason to the argument that they are descended from reptile-stock. The manner in which this may have taken place is, however, largely theoretical, for the fossil remains of birds are not numerous and shed little light on the transitional period presumed to have intervened between the terrestrial reptile and the flying bird. Fossil remains of bats, also, are not numerous, but those that have been uncovered show that perfectly formed bats existed back in the early Eocene, nearly 70,000,000 years ago.

In some ways, the changes that gave rise to bats are even more remarkable than those that would have led to the flying birds. These changes involve the structure of the body as well as the habits, and it is a moot point in which of these they are the greater. As to the structure, there is first the remarkable extension of the skin of the body to form the wing-membrane and the great elongation of the bones of four of the fingers to support it; the first digit of the hand being always free of the wing-membrane. The next thing is the relative weakening of the hind-limbs and their rotation, so that when crawling over a solid support the knee is turned through half a circle to point in the opposite direction to the normal. Not least among the structural changes are those in the ears and on the nose producing outgrowths of skin, known as nose-leaves, which made the way clear for the use of echo-location. These remarks are true for the insectivorous bats only.

In the matter of behaviour two points out of many can be stressed. First, there is the method of resting by hanging upside down. This is not unique. Small children sent to rest in the afternoon will often do so with their legs against the wall, in an attitude

BATS IN THE MAKING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

increases the nearer the object is approached. All this is carried out at high speed and must necessitate not only fine adjustments in the many small muscles involved, but a wide range of adjustments in the reactions of senses, nerves and brain.

In short, the total differences between a flying bat and a walking mouse-like animal are very great, so much so that it is difficult for us to conceive, in any detail, of the steps that would have accompanied the



SEEN ON AN AFRICAN'S HAND: A YOUNG BAT WHOSE LIMBS BEAR A CLOSER RESEMBLANCE TO THOSE OF OTHER ANIMALS, SUGGESTIVE OF THE QUADRUPEDAL ANCESTRY.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of l'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo Belge.

transition. We wonder, for example, what happened to the bats before their wings had reached their present proportions, when they were only half-way there, so to speak, or what happened before the echo-location apparatus was completed. We can reconstruct the broad principles of the changes that may have taken place, indeed would have had to take place, even if we cannot yet fill in all the details.

To begin with, a prerequisite for the change from a "normal" mammal to a flying bat is that the ancestral form must have lived in trees. Tree-dwelling animals merely leap from bough to bough. Some tree-dwelling squirrels spread the four legs sideways as they leap and the body takes on a flattened appearance, as if the skin on the flanks were responding to the mechanics of the movement and becoming extended

slightly outwards. In the flying squirrels the matter is taken further. In them, there actually is a flap of skin along the sides of the body, extending from the fore- to the hind-limbs. It is easy to see how, once the habit of leaping is established, any change in the structure, towards the development of a greater expansion of skin on the flank, brings natural advantages in leaping and the ability to remain airborne for progressively longer periods. The toes are still free, however, and the flying squirrel, so-called, can still run about the branches, enjoying at least the half-best of two worlds.

The next animal to be considered takes us in a jump to the condition in which only parachuting is possible. This is the flying lemur, or colugo, of the Philippines and South-East Asia. It is not a lemur,

nor does it fly in the true sense. It lives wholly in the trees, feeding on leaves and fruit, and although it is able to climb up the tree to a high position, its chief method of progression is by taking a flying leap to the next tree, a smooth glide of up to 70 yards. From the sides of its chin a membrane extends down either side of the body, taking in all the forearm and the fingers, then continuing in a broad web to take in the hind legs and the toes, right up to the tip of the tail—a living flying saucer.

The fruit bats are markedly different from the insectivorous bats, for their generally larger size as well as for their diet. Their eyes are large, suggesting that

they are guided by sight, as with most other nocturnal animals, and the muzzle is fox-like. They are, indeed, called flying foxes. They are generally without tails, and therefore lack the tail-membrane of insectivorous bats. The second finger bears a large claw and with this and the hind feet fruit-bats are more at home in trees. They have the elongated fingers, however, and the full wing-membrane, so that, taking all things into account, they are some three-quarters of the way from "normal" mammals to the complete flying bat.

This is, necessarily, a brief and to that extent inadequate survey. Moreover, if we could examine each of the known bats in turn we should find many variations on the two themes sketched in here for the fruit-bats, on the one hand, and for the insectivorous bats, on the other. For example, some of the bats, classified with the insectivorous bats because of the general resemblance to them in structure and other habits, nevertheless feed on fruit. Even so, broadly speaking, we can see possible steps in the evolution of the "complete" flying bat. First, the tree-dwelling leaping animal, followed by the



RESTING BY HANGING UPSIDE DOWN: A FRUIT-EATING BAT OF THE BELGIAN CONGO. ALTHOUGH FEEDING ON FRUIT IT HAS THE USUAL BAT CHARACTERISTICS, EXCEPT FOR THE SENSE-ORGANS. THE LARGE EYES AND THE SOMEWHAT FOX-LIKE MUZZLE SUGGEST THE USE OF SIGHT AND SMELL IN SEEKING FOOD.



SHOWING THE REMARKABLE EXTENSION OF THE SKIN OF THE BODY WHICH FORMS THE WING-MEMBRANE: AN INSECT-EATING BAT FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO. AS IN ALL INSECTIVOROUS BATS, EYES PLAY LITTLE PART IN HUNTING, WHICH IS LARGELY CONTROLLED BY ECHO-LOCATION.

increasing growth outwards of the skin of the flanks. Then the encroaching of the skin over the fingers, the elongation of the fingers to support an increasing wing-membrane and the weakening of the hind-limbs. This leads us naturally to the results of recent researches. Those carried out in America show that both pollen-eating and fish-eating bats use echo-location. This we should expect, for these bats have merely turned from eating insects to eating pollen or fish. More interesting still is the work of two German scientists who show that the larger fruit-eating bats have no echo-location, although the smaller species they investigated have it but do not normally use it, being apparently able to switch it on and off as required.



WITH RED FEATHERS IN THEIR MOUTHS AND CLAD IN BRILLIANTLY COLOURED COSTUMES: NIGERIAN WOMEN PERFORMING THE NTINI DANCE FOR THE QUEEN AT CALABAR DURING THE ROYAL TOUR. IT IS THE SUPREME CEREMONIAL DANCE OF THE WOMEN OF CALABAR.



WEARING VIVIDLY-COLOURED FEATHERED HEADDRESSES: MALE DANCERS OF CALABAR DRESSED TO REPRESENT ANIMALS DEFENDING THEMSELVES AGAINST A HUNTER.

A MEDLEY OF COLOUR AND RHYTHM TO HONOUR THE QUEEN: NIGERIAN TRADITIONAL DANCES.

One of the many ways in which the people of Nigeria paid tribute to H.M. the Queen during the Royal tour earlier this year was in the performance of traditional dances. These dances are remarkable for their rhythm and for the brilliantly coloured costumes, in many cases based on traditional representations of old legends, worn by the performers. On this page we show two of the dances

which the Queen saw in Calabar. One of them, the Ntini Dance, is the supreme ceremonial dance of the women and is performed only on great occasions; the other is the animal dance performed by the men. Originally the Ntini, a painted gourd, was so great a symbol of regal awe that the death penalty was enforced for any who let it fall to the ground or misdirected its messages.



AT CALABAR: SOME OF THE PERFORMERS IN THE NTIMI DANCE OF WELCOME TO THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Although it is impossible to convey in a photograph the music and movement of some of the Nigerian traditional dances performed in honour of the Queen, these colour photographs show something of their extraordinary brilliance. Owing to the printing dispute we were prevented from reproducing as many photographs of the Royal tour of Nigeria as we would have wished, so we are pleased to have this opportunity of recalling, in colour, on this and the preceding page, a few of the unforgettable scenes which the Queen witnessed. Two of the significant items of the Ntimi dance are the red feather held between the lips of the dancers to enjoin silence and solemnity in the August Presence, and the Ntimi itself, a painted gourd, which is manipulated with care to convey cryptic messages of loyalty.



PERFORMING THE NTIMI, OR SUPREME CEREMONIAL DANCE: TWO NIGERIAN GIRLS WITH RED FEATHERS IN THEIR MOUTHS. THE FEATHER SYMBOLISES SILENCE AND SIGNIFIES THE SOLEMNITY OF THE OCCASION.



READY TO PERFORM BEFORE THE QUEEN: BONNY DANCERS OF EASTERN NIGERIA WEARING ELABORATE HEAD-DRESSES, INCORPORATING CIRCULAR MIRRORS, AT A DISPLAY OF DANCING AT ENUGU STADIUM.



WITH HER HEAD ADORNED WITH OSTRICH FEATHERS: AN IHITENSHA GIRL DOING THE IGBAKWU TRADITIONAL DANCE AT ENUGU.



WEARING THE VIVID COSTUMES WHICH DELIGHTED THE QUEEN: BRILLIANTLY-ARRAYED MEN WHO TOOK PART IN AN ANIMAL DANCE AT CALABAR.



IN HIS CARRIAGE AT THE CALABAR STADIUM: THE OBONG OF CALABAR, EDEDEM ARHIBONG V, WHO LED A PROCESSION OF NIGERIAN CHIEFS.

CONVEYING LOYALTY TO THEIR QUEEN: SOME COLOURFUL OCCASIONS IN NIGERIA.

From colour transparencies by Arthur Sidney.

EDINBURGH'S NEW AIR TERMINAL BUILDING.



EDINBURGH'S NEW AIR TERMINAL BUILDING : THE SOUTHERN FRONT OF THE NEW PREMISES AT TURNHOUSE AIRPORT, WHICH WERE OPENED ON APRIL 12.



MR. HAROLD WATKINSON, MINISTER OF TRANSPORT AND CIVIL AVIATION, BETWEEN THE LORD PROVOST (LEFT) AND THE REV. ALEXANDER REID, SPEAKING AT THE OPENING.



IN THE BUFFET OF THE NEW TURNHOUSE TERMINAL BUILDING, LOOKING OUT OVER THE APRON OF THE AIRPORT. THE NEW BUILDING, ROADS AND APRON COST £84,000.

On April 12 Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, opened the new terminal building at Turnhouse, Edinburgh's airport. There has been a large increase in air traffic at Turnhouse, passenger numbers having risen from 43,000 in 1953 to 70,000 in 1955; and the new terminal, which has been designed by Professor Robert H. Matthew, F.R.I.B.A., and built at a cost of £84,000, is planned to allow for extension when traffic increases still further. Sir John G. Banks, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, also spoke at the ceremony; and a prayer of dedication was said by the Rev. Alexander Reid, Moderator of the Presbytery of Edinburgh. Mr. Watkinson flew to Edinburgh in a de Havilland Dove of the Ministry's flying unit.

A SCOTS GUARDS CEREMONY IN GLASGOW.

On April 14 the Duke of Gloucester visited Glasgow to unveil, during the morning, a stained-glass window in Glasgow Cathedral, a memorial to the fallen of the Scots Guards, of which regiment he is Colonel; and in the evening following attended the Regimental Association dinner. During the afternoon he watched the England-Scotland international Association football match at Hampden Park. During the service in the Cathedral, which was attended by a large civic party headed by Lord Provost Andrew Hood, the old Colours of the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards, were laid up, being received by the Cathedral for safe custody; and the Duke unveiled the window, which is on the north side of the west wall, in a companion position to the Cameronian window on the south side. Its design, by Mr. H. K. Stammers, is based on the company badges.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ABOUT TO TAKE THE SALUTE OF DETACHMENTS OF THE 1ST BATTALION, SCOTS GUARDS, AT A CEREMONY IN GLASGOW ON APRIL 14.



THE STAINED-Glass WINDOW IN GLASGOW CATHEDRAL, A MEMORIAL TO THE FALLEN OF THE SCOTS GUARDS, AFTER ITS UNVEILING BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (SECOND FROM RIGHT).

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LIEUT-GENERAL SIR JOHN GLUBB (RIGHT) WITH THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, WHEN

HE DECLARED THAT BRITAIN WAS "LOSING THE BATTLE OF IDEAS."

Speaking at a Foyles' Literary Luncheon in London on April 13, Sir John Glubb said that what had happened in Jordan was happening all over the world, that Britain was in danger of losing "the battle of ideas," and that the subject was worth a Minister of State.

TO BE SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER :
LIEUT-GENERAL L. NORSTAD.

On April 13 it was announced that General Gruenther was retiring at his own request from the post of Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, and being succeeded by Lieutenant-General Norstad of the U.S. Air Force, whom he described as "an officer of outstanding ability." General Norstad was born in 1907 and has been Air Deputy to the Supreme Commander. During the last war he served in England, Africa and the Mediterranean.



THANKING THE CAPTAIN OF THE P. & O. LINER STRATHEDEN :

LADY CHURCHILL AT TILBURY ON HER RETURN FROM CEYLON. After her recent illness Lady Churchill went on a voyage to Ceylon, from which she returned on April 13, and after landing at Tilbury, went straight to the Primrose League demonstration, where she rejoined Sir Winston.



RECENTLY PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS : SOME MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY LABOUR PARTY.

The members of the committee are (seated, l. to r.): Mr. J. Callaghan, Dr. Edith Summerskill, Mr. H. Bowden (Chief Whip), Mr. Hugh Gaitskell (Leader), Mr. J. Griffiths (Deputy Leader), Mr. H. Wilson and Mr. A. Robens. (Standing from l. to r.) Mr. C. Johnson (Secretary), Mr. G. R. Mitchison, Earl Listowel, Mr. K. Younger, Mr. A. Greenwood and the Earl of Lucan. Mr. A. Bevan and five other members did not sit for this photograph.



ON A U.N. MISSION TO THE MIDDLE EAST : MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD (SECOND FROM LEFT) TALKING TO COLONEL NASSER. ON THE LEFT IS GENERAL BURNS AND DR. FAWSY IS ON THE RIGHT. Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations, arrived in Cairo on April 10, in the course of his mission to the Middle East. On the following day he had a seventy-five-minute meeting with Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, during which they had "a frank exchange of views." General Burns, the U.N. Truce Supervisor, and Dr. Fawzy, the Egyptian Foreign Minister, were also present.



LEAVING FOR THE MONTEBELLO ATOMIC TESTS : MR. C. A. ADAMS.

Mr. Charles Adams, scientific director in charge of the forthcoming atomic tests at Montebello, left London Airport on April 11 for Sydney, where he is holding preliminary discussions with the Australian Government. Mr. Adams is a member of the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire. The British atomic tests are expected to take place at the end of this month. Mr. Adams confirmed that no hydrogen bomb would be fired at Montebello.



CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA COMPANY : MR. G. CROWTHER.

Mr. Geoffrey Crowther, who has recently retired as Editor of the *Economist*, has been appointed chairman of the British Encyclopædia Britannica Company. Mr. Crowther, who is forty-eight, became Editor of the *Economist* in 1938. On his retirement last month he was appointed managing director of the Company. His successor as Editor is Mr. Donald Tyerman, a former member of the editorial staff of *The Times*, who was on the *Economist* staff from 1937-44.



A HERO OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR DIES :

LIEUT-GENERAL JOSÉ MOSCARDÓ.

Lieut-General José Moscardó, one of the most spectacular figures on the Nationalist side during the Spanish Civil War, died at his home in Spain on April 12, aged seventy-eight. General Moscardó entered the Spanish Military Academy in 1896, and when the civil war broke out in 1936 he was Garrison Commandant of Toledo. He is best remembered for his heroic defence of the Alcazar at Toledo, against overwhelming Republican forces. He was president of the Spanish Olympic Games Committee.



RECENTLY RETURNED FROM SOUTH AFRICA :

FATHER TREVOR HUDDLESTON.

Father Trevor Huddleston, a leading and controversial opponent of apartheid in South Africa, was recently recalled from his mission in Sophiatown by the Superior of his Order to become Master of the Novices at Mirfield. He arrived in London on April 13. He joined the Anglican Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield in 1939, and in 1943 was sent out to South Africa to head the Community's mission in Sophiatown. He came strongly to oppose the Government's apartheid policy.



TO BE OFFICIALLY REOPENED ON APRIL 26: THE FAMOUS PREBENDS' BRIDGE AT DURHAM, WHICH HAS JUST UNDERGONE EXTENSIVE RESTORATION.

The Prebends' Bridge at Durham was built in 1778. After undergoing extensive restoration, it is to be officially reopened by Lord Kilmaine, secretary of the Pilgrim Trust, on April 26. For its repair £8500 was subscribed in Co. Durham, and to this the Pilgrim Trust added a grant of £2500.

A FAMOUS BRIDGE RESTORED, NEW BRISTOL LANDMARKS, AND A FIRE IN VIENNA.



TO BE OPENED BY THE QUEEN DURING HER WEST COUNTRY VISIT: PART OF THE IMMENSE CHEW STOKE RESERVOIR, A FEW MILES FROM BRISTOL.

On April 17, during her visit to the West Country, H.M. the Queen arranged to inaugurate the vast new Chew Stoke Reservoir. This project, undertaken by the Bristol Waterworks Company at a cost of £1,750,000, will supply Bristol, Bath, West Gloucestershire and parts of Somerset.



PART OF THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE NEW COUNCIL HOUSE AT BRISTOL, SHOWING THE LARGE CEILING DECORATION PAINTED BY MR. JOHN ARMSTRONG.



TO BE OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON APRIL 17: THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW COUNCIL HOUSE AT BRISTOL, WHICH WAS DESIGNED BY MR. E. VINCENT HARRIS, R.A.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was due to visit Bristol on April 17 to open the impressive new Council House, overlooking College Green. Work on this vast building began before the war, and the original plans had to be amended to make space for the increased staff. A striking feature of the building are the two extensive painted ceilings—in the Conference Room and the Council Chamber—which are the gift of the Edwin Austin Abbey Memorial Trust.



CUTTED IN THE BIGGEST FIRE IN VIENNA SINCE THE WAR: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE FIRE IN THE VIENNA STOCK EXCHANGE ON APRIL 13.

In the early morning of April 13 damage estimated at £1,000,000 was caused by a fire which gutted the main part of the Stock Exchange building in Vienna, and damaged its two wings. Ten firemen and police were injured during the blaze. The building, in the Ring, was built in 1875-77 in Moorish style.



STILL SMOULDERING TWELVE HOURS AFTER THE FIRE: ONE OF THE LARGE HALLS INSIDE THE VIENNA STOCK EXCHANGE, WHICH WAS BURNT OUT ON APRIL 13.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LIGHT AND DARK.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is a very strange experience indeed to slip from the thundercloud-Massachusetts of 1692 straight into the Mexico of 1930. You can do this comfortably—though that, maybe, is not the word—in the current West End theatre. "The Crucible" has come into the repertory at the Royal Court (it might be better to say that it has scalded the repertory), and a version of Graham Greene's "The Power and the Glory" is the second play in the Scofield-Brook season at the Phoenix.

The first of these is the drama, by Arthur Miller, that the Bristol Old Vic put on triumphantly during November 1954. I find it odd that it should have taken so long to reach London: the English Stage Company is to be honoured for acting it in what is called (not a graceful phrase, but that cannot be helped) its season of "contemporary repertory." For me the play did not have quite the force it had at Bristol, and not solely because I was meeting it for the second time—"The Crucible" can be seen again and again. No: the one fault I find with the Court production is its bareness, the bleak neutral sets. One remembers the slate-and-charcoal sky, the gibbet, the uncannily summoning atmospherics devised previously by Warren Jenkins and Patrick Robertson. George Devine believes that acting comes first, as indeed it should. But that does not prevent me from

man unable to see any shade between ebon black and starched white, act with uncompromising force. By itself, "The Crucible" would justify the Court's new season.

Here it is the blindly religious that persecute. At the Phoenix we are in a far different land, a corrupt, anti-clerical state of Mexico in the year 1930, when the last priest is hunted for his life through town and country. He is a shrivelled, shabby little man, a "whisky priest" whose life has been anything but immaculate. Still, he has unflinching belief in his calling. He knows that, whatever he may have done, he has the power of saving sinners. And it is this that aids him in his last colloquy with the Lieutenant of Police, bent fanatically upon driving religion from the state. Once cut down the tree of faith, and the world must wither.

I was excited less by the purpose of the play—though Denis Cannan and Pierre Bost have framed their version persuasively—than by the acting of Paul Scofield and the production of Peter Brook, each the year's light. Scofield's priest, wizened and pitiable, burdened and desperate, craven yet unflinching, is a performance of the most intricate craft:

another creation by the best young actor of his day. And Peter Brook—well, what more can we say now in praise of a young man who can bring to the stage all the scorching heat, the squalor, the loneliness and the fear, of this forsaken land?

I had hoped to return from Stratford-upon-Avon (where once we knew Scofield's cunning in character parts) with another tale of the power and the glory. Alas, at the end of "Hamlet," first play of the season, I came from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre with no feeling of a great experience. Hamlet lay dead; but where was the emotion, where the heart of sorrow as the four captains bore Hamlet like a soldier to the stage? Alan Badel's Prince is one of the least moving I remember, simply because there seems to be a screen between the actor—acting away at full pressure—and his audience. He cannot get on terms with us, and he uses his fine voice strangely, letting it swell out now and then into a melodious booming that has no special relation to anything. It is unfortunate, because he does understand Hamlet, and he strives urgently to get his interpretation over to us. All to no purpose: we cannot like this young Prince. When a barrier of dislike is raised—and here it is up from the first—it is impenetrable. I know that Mr. Badel, whom I have praised often and shall again, is a splendid actor; but Hamlet is not his part. (The last Stratford Hamlet was Paul Scofield, who this week bursts irresistibly into the article.)

Not many of the parts in Stratford's bare-stage "Hamlet" seem to be in the company's gift. George Howe, of course, is a familiar dry Polonius; and I like Andrew Faulds's full thrust at Laertes. Claudius

(Harry Andrews) will be more immediately governing when he is readier with the text. Gertrude (Diana Churchill) is efficient; Ophelia (Dilys Hamlett), tiresome. Michael Langham has had the idea, good in theory, of producing on a stage bare except for a single arras, and doing all with his lighting. There are some agreeable patterns, and for a moment, at "How all occasions," we are suddenly in the picture. For the rest, gloom: I hardly recall a "Hamlet" less exciting dramatically or visually. Why, by the way, go to the trouble of allowing the Player Queen (here acted by a woman) to wear a copy of Gertrude's dress? I enjoy reasonable innovations; but this is a sad strain on our credulity. Never mind: "The Merchant of Venice" is next, and I may have a happier report.

That Stratford stage, given poop and rigging, would have turned easily enough into the man-of-war that is the scene of "The Good Sailor" (Lyric, Hammersmith). The play, by Robert Chapman and Louis O. Coxe, is a version of Herman Melville's "Billy Budd": one that, at a less crowded time, would probably have had more attention. It is an able transcription—rising into blank verse—of the fight between good and evil personified by Billy Budd and the complicated knot of a man that is the master-at-arms. We may be wary of Melville in the theatre (Orson Welles worked hard with "Moby Dick," to very little purpose), but this piece does achieve something, and Leo McKern rightly sets our teeth on edge: his gift of suggesting menace grows with each part. André Morell and Philip Bond know very well what is to be known about the captain who is the slave of duty, and the seaman who must be martyred.

This article begins and ends at the Royal Court. I would have written more of "The Mulberry Bush," but "The Crucible" is the better of the first two plays in the English Stage Company's season. Let me say, then, that Angus Wilson's is an intelligent



THE OPENING OF THE THIRTY-FOUR-WEEK SEASON AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON: ALAN BADEL AS STRATFORD'S FIRST HAMLET FOR EIGHT YEARS.



"AN INTELLIGENT LITERARY WORK WITHOUT MUCH THEATRICAL POTENCY. IT WOULD BE BETTER AS A NOVEL . . .": "THE MULBERRY BUSH," WHICH OPENED THE ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY'S SEASON OF PLAYS IN REPERTORY AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE, SHOWING A SCENE FROM ANGUS WILSON'S PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) ANN PADLEY (HELENA HUGHES) AND GERALDINE LOUGHTON-MOORE (AGNES LAUCHLAN).

recalling how the Bristol sets heightened the livid world of Salem.

At the time, I discussed the play very fully in *The Illustrated London News*. It is the world of Longfellow's "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms." Witchcraft is the terror of these superstitious Puritans. Witch-hunting is relentless (Arthur Miller had in mind an obvious topical parallel), and the innocent must suffer in Salem where an unscrupulous girl stirs passion and fear for her own ends. In the theatre the religious fanaticism—though it could hardly overstate historical facts—is bound to seem melodramatic. The play comes to us as white-hot melodrama, and it is none the worse for that. Such artists as Mary Ure (leader of the so-called "afflicted children" who are the scourges of Salem), Rosalie Crutchley and Michael Gwynn, who feel the weight of the scourge, and George Devine as the inflexible Deputy-Governor, a



"SCOFIELD'S PRIEST, WIZENED AND PITIABLE, BURDENED AND DESPERATE, CRAVEN YET UNFLINCHING, IS A PERFORMANCE OF THE MOST INTRICATE CRAFT": PAUL SCOFIELD (RIGHT) WITH A LIEUTENANT OF POLICE (HARRY H. CORBETT) IN A SCENE FROM PETER BROOK'S PRODUCTION OF "THE POWER AND THE GLORY," BY GRAHAM GREENE. (PHOENIX.)

literary work without much theatrical potency. It would be better as a novel, and, maybe, Mr. Wilson will bring it to the desired haven. As it is, the complexities of the Padley family of "do-gooders" and its entourage are carefully traced. There are three sharp performances in a cast otherwise not wholly at its ease: those of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the Liberal grandmother, who looks rather like Beatrice Webb; Rachel Kempson as her daughter, and Agnes Lauchlan as a visitor who shakes an unsuspected Padley skeleton. The skeleton does not make as much noise in the theatre as it might: Mr. Wilson will have more fun, I am sure, with the book.

Meanwhile, for connoisseurs of the literary play, let me recommend Enid Bagnold's "The Chalk Garden" (Haymarket). I will return to this, and to Dame Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft, next week.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE GOOD SAILOR" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—This is the tale of the sudden death of the master-at-arms on board a British man-of-war in the year 1798; the conscience of the captain; and the martyrdom of the good sailor, Billy Budd. Herman Melville's story, brought with credit to the theatre, is acted in the mood, and produced fittingly by Frith Banbury. (April 4.)

"THE POWER AND THE GLORY" (Phoenix).—The most exciting performance (Paul Scofield's) and production (Peter Brook's) of the year, in a play based by Denis Cannan and Pierre Bost on the novel by Graham Greene. Here is a corruptly-governed Mexican state in all its fear and squalor; and, superbly, here is Paul Scofield as the "whisky priest" on the run. (April 5.)

"THE CRUCIBLE" (Royal Court).—Arthur Miller's play, in London at last, is a scalding drama of Salem in 1692: the tale of the witch-hunt and of the devilish "afflicted children" who bring so much misery upon the town. Mary Ure, Michael Gwynn, Rosalie Crutchley, Joan Plowright and George Devine (the director) are names to respect, and the play is first-rate melodrama. But I wish that the English Stage Company would think more of its settings: the present idea is a little precious. (April 9.)

"HAMLET" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—I regret having to say that, in spite of Michael Langham's care, much is amiss with the state of Denmark. The tragedy, on its bare stage, does not come through; and Alan Badel's Hamlet never reaches our hearts. (April 10.)

AIR AND SEA: NEW DEVELOPMENTS, AND AN ANCIENT HAZARD, FROM THE AIR.



ARMED WITH FOUR AIR-TO-AIR SPARROW GUIDED MISSILES (WITH A SPEED OF MORE THAN 1500 M.P.H.): THE U.S. NAVY'S CHANCE VOUGHT F7U-3M CUTLASS FIGHTER.



SEEN FROM BEHIND AND BELOW: THE CUTLASS NAVAL FIGHTER AIRCRAFT, WITH ITS FOUR GUIDED MISSILES, SUSPENDED BENEATH THE WINGS.

It was announced on April 13 that the U.S. Navy's Attack Squadron 83, embarked in U.S.S. *Intrepid* with the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, is now equipped with air-to-air guided missiles of the type *Sparrow I*. This 12-ft.-long missile is about 300 lb. in weight and powered by a rocket motor.



UNDERGOING TESTS AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE: A BOW-ON VIEW OF THE NEW U.S. SUBMARINE ALBACORE, WHICH IS NON-ATOMIC. Despite the prevalent interest in atomically-powered submarines, the new non-atomic U.S. submarine *Albacore*, which is reported to be the world's fastest submarine, is being closely watched while undergoing tests at Portsmouth.



NOSING THROUGH THE WATER AT HIGH SPEED: A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM THE BRIDGE, OF THE "WORLD'S FASTEST" SUBMARINE, U.S.S. ALBACORE.



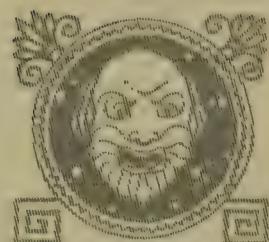
BEAUTIFUL BUT TREACHEROUS: THE COMPLEX PATTERN OF THE GOODWIN SANDS—GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS—SEEN FROM THE AIR, WITH A SHIP'S SUPERSTRUCTURE EMERGING. AT LOW TIDE THESE FAMOUS SANDBANKS OFF THE KENT COAST ARE LEFT DRY OVER A WIDE AREA.



DESCRIBED AS THE WORLD'S FASTEST COMBAT AIRCRAFT: THE NEW

LOCKHEED ULTRASONIC F-104A STARFIGHTER.

Described as a lightweight fighter in everything except striking power, the *Starfighter* is a day-and-night fighter powered with the new General Electric J-79 jet-engine. Its speed is secret, but its rate of climb is equal to its speed in level flight.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

RECENT FILMS IN RETROSPECT.

By ALAN DENT.

MUCH happened in the cinema during what may be called the typographical lull. The "Othello" of Orson Welles arrived at last and was promptly designated to limbo by an indifferent public. "The Rose Tattoo" of Tennessee Williams came like a whirlwind and is still whirling around; it has the inestimable advantage of an all-out emotional performance by Anna Magnani as an Italian homely woman in the U.S.A. losing one husband and choosing another. Not so very different from this torrid lioness was the marvellously intimate study of the genuine animal in its natural habitat, the latest in Walt Disney's nature studies, "The African Lion."

Richard Burton came, saw, and overcame in "Alexander the Great," a colossal, well-documented and ill-disciplined spectacle. Danny Kaye came and did ditto in "The Court Jester," whose whole and successful aim was to satirise and cauterize the kind of film in which the hero is an athletic mediæval outlaw in a jerkin who can repel entire hordes of enemies simply by swinging from a chandelier and charging them with the soles of his feet. I rate both performances very highly when I say that Mr. Kaye is as funny as Mr. Burton is noble.

All the same, we do not surrender to "Alexander the Great" as a film. It is too conscientious, and has not the necessary touch of nonsense. Robert Rossen, who wrote and designed it all, has brought both dignity and lavishness to his tremendous task. Yet a numbing and inescapable sense of waste creeps over us as we gaze. There is the usual plethora of talented players in parts so small that we hardly recognise them. There are so many kinds of fruit in this *Macédoine* that it becomes almost impossible to tell one from another. Its one unmistakable ingredient—its pineapple, as it were—is Richard Burton as the Macedonian madman himself—which is as it should be.

All this was made in Spain with an international cast and American backing. One's only wonder is that it was not made in Greece and Persia, since these countries still exist, whatever may have happened to the battlefield of Chæronea, which lies near ancient Thebes. In point of fact, the actual palaces we visited—as distinct from the exteriors—repelled, as always happens, by their very newness. The building of them had obviously been completed that very morning.

that he got up feeling "rather fragile" that particular morning provides a memorable minute which will last in the mind for years. "Feeling what?" roars the Sergeant. "Rather fragile!" repeats the

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



RICHARD BURTON IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "ALEXANDER THE GREAT," A CINEMASCOPE PICTURE WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT ROSSEN.

In selecting Richard Burton as the latest star of his choice, Mr. Alan Dent writes: "Surely the most exciting of all our younger actors, Richard Burton is winning fresh Shakespearean laurels for himself this season at the Old Vic Theatre as Othello, as Iago, and as Henry V. He has almost all of the fine actor's physical advantages, including a voice of Welsh intensity and resonance. He could not act badly if he tried—though in some of his recent films it might be said of him that he tried. His central performance, however, in 'Alexander the Great' is the one unquestioned and unquestionable acting success in a huge, profuse spectacle. From this culminating point in his film-career young Mr. Burton should go, like Alexander, to spread his conquests further."

conscript, with a self-deprecatory giggle and an air of utter ignorance of the impact of his hapless word. He goes off without a further glance, and we see the Sergeant gaze after him with a scorn that is on the

point of turning to admiration till he repeats to himself the astounding word "fragile" and then swallows his contempt. Hardly less good than Mr. Hartnell

to laugh aloud at this film may take this dedication to his own private bosom. The same might even be said for a single, solitary film-critic. But let that pass!

The latest from Italy is Federico Fellini's "I Vitelloni," which should have been translated as "The Bull-Calves" and has been unhappily and hideously translated as "Spivs." This is a squalid saga of five unemployed and largely unemployable youths at the tail-end of the season at some unspecified Italian watering-place. Fellini, it would seem, is not my *tazza di tè* as a film-maker. The Junos and the Pallas Athenes of film-criticism hailed his "La Strada" as a consummately poetical film and now hail "I Vitelloni" as something hardly less exquisite and imaginative. With a respect founded on twenty years and more of admiration, I submit to these goddesses that if the five feckless young Italians had been five *Teddy Boys* up to no good at Southend in a wet September we should have had less rhapsodising about their ambience and their ambivalence. Fausto in this film, the leader of the five, is a handsome young rascal who is unable to stay true to his pretty young wife for half a day on end. He cannot take her to the cinema without avert his gaze to the dark charmer who must be sitting next to him. Nothing short of a panic that his wife and baby have vanished and may have done away with themselves can bring him to his senses in the end. If, as I say, Fausto had been merely young Alf or 'Erb or Bill, he would have been given much less consideration and tolerance. The same goes for the other four, whose careers are comparatively sketchy though hardly less sordid.

Two episodes in this film gave me great pleasure—though no account of the film that I have seen made any mention of them. In one, the five bull-calves, during an outing in a motor-car, pass a working-gang by the roadside and shout "Silly workmen!" at them. Blissfully the car breaks down a few yards later, and the workmen run after and give the young rats the pummelling they deserve. Equal exhilaration comes to me when Fausto's father removes his belt and gives his worthless fully-grown son the thrashing he deserves for behaving like a billy-goat as well as a bull-calf. Elsewhere my moments of exhilaration or even of excitement were few.

Looking back upon all these interesting new films, I must confess that my mind lingers most upon a sequence in the least successful of them all. It is upon the protracted and in all ways rather wonderful funeral-procession of Othello with which the Orson Welles film rather perversely opens. This is, when all is said and done and criticised, the finest ten minutes



"YES, OF COURSE, WE SERVED IN THE ARMY TOGETHER," ONE OF THE LAST OF MANY UNFORTUNATE REMARKS MADE BY STANLEY WINDRUSH (IAN CARMICHAEL, LEFT) IN THE NEW BOULTING BROTHERS' COMEDY, "PRIVATE'S PROGRESS," WHICH IS REVIEWED BY ALAN DENT. THE REMARK IS ADDRESSED TO THE MILITARY POLICE SERGEANT (WILLIAM HARTNELL), ABOUT TO ARREST STANLEY'S FORMER COMRADE, COX (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH).



BERTRAM TRACEPURCEL (DENNIS PRICE, LEFT), A "CHAIRBORNE WAR OFFICE HERO," GIVES HIS NEPHEW, STANLEY WINDRUSH, SOME GOOD ADVICE JUST BEFORE HIS CALL-UP. ANOTHER SCENE FROM "PRIVATE'S PROGRESS," WHICH IS DESCRIBED BY ALAN DENT AS "A QUITE DEVASTATING SATIRE ON THE BRITISH ARMY'S WAY (AROUND THE YEAR 1944)." THIS FILM IS LIGHT-HEARTEDLY DEDICATED "TO ALL THOSE WHO GOT AWAY WITH IT."

in portraying "the insolence of office" are Dennis Price and Terry-Thomas as two well-contrasted high-ranking and low-thinking officers, and both Richard Attenborough and Victor Maddern—that quintessence of Cockneydom—shine out among the various grafters and job-avoiders and draft-dodgers. At the very tail-end this film gives us the legend: "To all those who got away with it—this film is most respectfully dedicated." Many a man who can now relax enough

of sheer cinema in the period under review. It happens before a single word of Shakespeare is murmured or mangled. We see nothing but a fantastically photographed cortège and hear nothing but a wild wailing. Then suddenly we espouse, suspended from the rock above, the huge empty cage in which we know that Iago is to be immured for vultures and daws to peck at. What a pity it is that Mr. Welles has not enough of common talent to offset his uncommon genius!

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: AN AMERICAN NONAGENARIAN'S FIRST LONDON EXHIBITION, AND OTHER CURRENT ITEMS.



CREATING "THE BRIGHTEST CONTINUOUS SOURCE OF MAN-MADE LIGHT IN THE WORLD": NEW YORK'S FOUR GREAT "BEACONS OF WELCOME" RECENTLY INSTALLED ON THE NINETIETH STOREY OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.



IN ITS NEW POSITION IN VICTORIA TOWER GARDENS: RODIN'S SCULPTURED GROUP OF "THE BURGHERS OF CALAIS." Rodin's statue "The Burghers of Calais" has been moved to a new site in Victoria Tower Gardens, Westminster. The Gardens are being replanned. Rodin's statue has been placed in a more central position and on a lower plinth.



A BILL AS LONG AS—AN AIRCRAFT'S WING: THE TAX FORM FOR THE U.S. FEDERAL INCOME TAX OF REPUBLICAN AVIATION CORPORATION, LONG ISLAND'S LARGEST TAXPAYER.



A BELGIAN PAVÉ ROAD—IN BEDFORDSHIRE, AND IN BAD CONDITION: A SPECIALLY-BUILT TESTING STRETCH 1030 FT. LONG, DESIGNED FOR VEHICLE TESTING.



A SPECIAL "ROUGH TRACK," NEARING COMPLETION: AN 855-FT.-LONG STRETCH, WHICH IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF VAUXHALL MOTORS TEST CENTRE AT CHAUL END.

Vauxhall Motors Ltd. are building at Chaul End, between Luton and Dunstable, a 57-acre Engineering Research and Test Centre. This is being built in four phases and when completed in 1959 will provide facilities for almost every form of vehicle testing except high-speed driving. Its total cost will be £320,000. Part of the centre, including the Belgian pavé and rough track stretches shown, will come into use during May. The eventual total length of tracks will be over 4½ miles with 55,000 square yards paved.



DISCOVERED IN LISBON: A SILVER PROCESSIONAL CRUCIFIX MADE BY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS, SAID TO CONTAIN A PIECE OF THE CROZIER OF ST. THOMAS A BECKET.



ONE OF THIRTY-FIVE PAINTINGS IN THE FIRST LONDON EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF "GRANDMA MOSES," WHICH IS AT THE MATTHIESSEN GALLERY, 142, NEW BOND STREET, UNTIL MAY 12. The American artist Anna Mary Robertson Moses, better known as "Grandma Moses," began to paint seriously in 1930, when she was already seventy. Now, at the age of ninety-five, she has her first London exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery, where thirty-five of her American country scenes are on view. (Copyright, Grandma Moses Properties, Inc., New York.)



A POPULAR NONAGENARIAN AMERICAN ARTIST: A RECENT PORTRAIT OF "GRANDMA MOSES," WHO IS HAVING HER FIRST LONDON EXHIBITION.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IN modern fiction, changes of scene are commonplace, though always refreshing; a change of aesthetic climate is very different. One can't have that unless the writer himself is foreign, and very foreign; and, in fact, it doesn't occur in a blue moon. Yet even now, perhaps the world is less uniform than we think. At any rate, "In Quest of Splendour," by Roger Lemelin (Arthur Barker; 13s. 6d.), has no more exotic background than French Canada, yet the internal climate could not be stranger if it were Japanese. Its hero, Pierre, is nineteen, with a vocation for the priesthood; and the story opens on his last prize-giving day at the "Minor Seminary." Which is not our kind of seminary; so we get a preface on the French-Canadian school system. But it was not worth while; no one is going to worry about the schools being different, when the whole story is different.

To start with, Pierre is an essentially foreign *jeune homme*: "pure," crude, intransigent, given to convulsive extremes and bursts of tears. Thus far, he has been "desperately brilliant" and intent on "absolute holiness." He has been persecuted—as the son of a charwoman, among whose "ladies" is the mother of his jealous rival; and he has borne humiliation "with the courage of the apostles." To dear old Father Loupret, who has been paying his fees, he is a future cardinal. But on the road to the Seminary, there is an idler who looks out for the boys and calls them "chipmunk." That day, Pierre feels obliged to cross swords with him. And in the assembly hall, his mind turns round "as with a might of waters." Because of Denis, because of the girl Fernande, because of Yvon Letellier and his mother, who are suddenly unendurable—he won't be a priest. The crisis is agonising, and having to break it to Father Loupret is like the pangs of death. But there are no reproaches. "Go," says the eccentric Father Voltaire: "Go, new Rastignac, Quebec is yours. You will conquer, and then, after your triumph, you will be unhappy . . ."

And still we have no idea of what is coming. Even when the new Rastignac, on the very threshold of his "magnificence," is tripped up by a dead body: even when he takes refuge in a lumber camp, and gets involved with a Communist, and "breaks" a strike, and returns to Quebec in company with a drink-crazed, sympathetic ogre—even then, the story is melodramatic but not preposterous. Even with Monsieur Savard's night of orgy at the hotel, it has not crossed the line. But in the small hours he transfers himself to a mental home; and for me the "moment of truth" came with the reappearance of "Father Voltaire" as an inmate. "There's no getting away from it," he remarks later, "this clinic is beginning to derange our minds. . . ." Pierre's new crusade, his duel with Yvon's uncle, the Attorney-General, his activities as a sleuth, his worldly triumph, his alternations of mad panic and brazen hardihood—all this is so naive, primitive, outrageous as to make one gasp. It is the art of another civilisation. It is in the grand style; if you regard only the shape and "keeping" of events, it is well-made; and it has an extravagant intensity on the deepest level.

OTHER FICTION.

"Dutch," by Theodore Bonnet (W. H. Allen; 15s.), offers us something which is either very rare in America, or doesn't travel: it is a cosy book. Indeed, it has an interminable cosiness, an inexhaustible flow of local history, and quite a lot of sometimes very dramatic action—rather diminished by the surrounding area, like a distant view of Stonehenge. Though the plain itself would be entirely agreeable if there were less of it.

The scene is a small Californian town named Llagas, where red-faced, guileless little Dan McClatchy keeps a seedy, old-fashioned bar. There is a "black daub" on the wall; and in 1947 it is discovered to be a Rembrandt. The Press is full of it; and to Dan, who had never heard of Rembrandt, it is like a fairy-tale. Now he can get back to his native metropolis of "Sampm Cisco"; Bessie can take her ease in mink, and their daughter Arline, a war widow with a little boy, can start a new life. Then he discovers that the "king's ransom" is all moonshine. And after the first shock—perhaps 4000 dollars, with commission and taxes to deduct!—he gets an idea. They have a famous picture, anyhow; why not exhibit it in a famous bar? So said, so done; at enormous cost and risk, and by the skin of its teeth, the Traveller's Rest becomes "an authentic little Dutch tavern" known as the Lost Dutchman.

Its fortunes are too voluminous to describe. They embrace a hold-up and a murder trial, the Wallace campaign and witch-hunting, a colony of "veteran" painters and a pilgrim's progress: with the collapse of a tragic "Blunderbore," the Dutchman's fall, and an ironic, rueful "happy ending." And they have warmth, humour, shrewdness, personality and every kind of appeal—only too much.

"Let Us Alone," by John Fisher (Heinemann; 15s.), runs to the other extreme. It has an enchanting background—the Hawaiian islands in their last years of independence and first years under the United States—but practically no story. Indeed, it is of the essence that there should be no story. Frank Fanning grows up in Oahu, in good King Kalakaua's golden days. He is of English parentage: the son of a sardonic recluse, and of an Admiral's daughter with ideals. His mother would like him to go to school in England, and be something worthy. Old Dr. Blair would like him to go to Edinburgh and become a doctor. But he goes nowhere—because his father says the Hawaiian schools are "too American," and England is too far off. *Au fond*, he scarcely wants to go anywhere, or take on any responsibility; though perhaps "one of these days . . ." But unlike "Dutch," it seems tedious only at the beginning. The more you read, the more it grows on you.

"The Hateful Voyage," by Margot Neville (Bles; 10s. 6d.), gave me a surprise. The author's earlier books have been "all right"; this one is excellent—novel, dramatic and well-written. Guy Connor, travelling on the S.S. *Lorikeet* from Melbourne to Liverpool, finds that its overbearing tycoon is none other than Walter Mundy, the mining expert who cheated his father and wrecked his childhood. He is sick of hating; yet when the magnate makes a beeline for Sophy Brown, he can't resist cutting in. Excellent shipboard cast; good dialogue, K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY TO A GUIDE-BOOK.

I SUPPOSE that everyone has his or her own personal landmarks in their reading. I remember many years ago, just before I went up to Oxford, a perceptive relative giving me Sir Harold Nicolson's "Some People." That admirable piece of autobiography has remained a recurrent joy throughout the intervening years. It has been read and reread, and here and there an occasional phrase from it has passed into the special language which every right-thinking family evolves with time. I can see that Mr. Claud Cockburn's "In Time of Trouble" (Hart-Davis; 21s.) will be for me just such another book. I have seldom read a book which appealed to me more. Mr. Claud Cockburn shares with Sir Harold Nicolson an astringent style and a wit which, with the passing of the years (and perhaps with his move away from Communism), has changed from the acid to the merely sub-acid. My complaint about the book is that there is not enough of it. That is to say, Mr. Cockburn deals splendidly with his youth, faithfully by his eccentric relations, and admirably with the period when he was *The Times* correspondent in Washington. But in the last chapter or two, he gives the impression of (unnecessarily) hustling to bring the book to a conclusion. One can only hope that he will emulate Mr. Belloc in the poem about Lord Lundy, who said:

I am getting tired and so are you,
Let's cut the poem into two,

and will treat us to a second instalment. I want to know, for example, how the Claud Cockburn I knew before the war, a bitter Communist intellectual, has become the urbane Claud Cockburn of to-day. But one must not cavil when we are offered so many good things. It is difficult to convey the flavour of Mr. Cockburn's book, though his description of his first day in the foreign editorial room of *The Times* is not untypical:

"Nothing sets a person up more than having something turn out just the way it's supposed to be, like falling into a Swiss snow-drift and seeing a big dog come up with a little cask of brandy round its neck. The first time I travelled on the Orient Express I was accosted by a woman who was later arrested and turned out to be a quite well-known international spy. When I talked with Al Capone there was a sub-machine-gun poking through the transom of the door behind him. Ernest Hemingway spoke out of the corner of his mouth. In an Irish castle a sow ran right across the baronial hall. The first Minister of Government I met told me a most horrible lie almost immediately. These things are delightful, and so was the first view of *The Times* office in London. In the Foreign Editorial Room a sub-editor was translating a passage of Plato's 'Phaedo' into Chinese, for a bet. Another sub-editor had declared it could not be done without losing a certain nuance of the original. He was dictating the Greek passage aloud from memory." How endearing, too, must have been his first chief in New York, Mr. Wilmot Lewis, the author of such admirable *obiter dicta* as: "In fairness to Senator Cole Blease, old boy, it must be said that he has the unique distinction of combining in his sole person all the disadvantages attaching to the democratic form of government," or "do not underestimate his capacity for snatching defeat from the very jaws of victory," or, again, "inspiring, is it not, to see eyes so ablaze with insincerity?" A delightful book; a landmark of a book.

I feel that Thackeray would have approved of Mr. Cockburn, and Mr. Cockburn, in his turn, would be drawn to one who could write of Beau Brummell: "Let us respect the world which elevated to honour this respectable man, and not be too hard upon him, because he was heartless, and a swindler, a fool, a glutton, and a liar." This quotation is taken from the anonymous contributions which Thackeray made to the *Morning Chronicle*, then the great Liberal rival to *The Times*, between the years 1844 and 1848. These have now been assembled by Professor Gordon N. Ray in "William Makepeace Thackeray: Contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*" (Oxford University Press; 28s.). Altogether, by a pleasing piece of literary detection Professor Ray has discovered thirty-one of Thackeray's contributions. Most of them are book reviews, for as Thackeray wrote: "I can't write the politics" and "I am a very weak and poor politician." Nevertheless his long reviews of, for example, Disraeli's "Coningsby" and "Sybil" show him to have a ready appreciation of the political philosophy of the future Tory statesman. These anonymous contributions were written before the publication of "Vanity Fair," and as a result of its success, these important articles have been largely overlooked. Students of Thackeray will indeed be grateful to Professor Ray for resuscitating them.

Miss Ursula Bloom is a deservedly popular novelist, but in "Victorian Vinaigrette" (Hutchinson; 16s.) she has launched out into a piece of social history. She takes the lives of her family in the time of her father and her grandfather, and from that reconstructs a pleasing picture of an upper-middle-class Victorian household. It is as pleasant a period-piece of England in the middle and end of the last century as

Mr. Cockburn's is of the 'twenties and 'thirties of this. Miss Bloom is unashamedly proud of her Victorian ancestors. She takes issue with those who, like a friend, say: "their family life was so ghastly: all the fathers were Mr. Barretts and all the daughters were hysterical spinsters." Rightly, too, she says, "the era was not a breeding-ground of inhibitions; it was a faithful training-ground to run a straight race, to fear God, and to honour the Queen." These standards are out of date, but they, or something like it, must one day return if this country is to maintain its greatness, and the reader will be grateful to Miss Bloom for preaching this moral, while at the same time so pleasantly adorning the tale.

Miss Monica Hutchings is another well-known woman writer, and she adds to her tally of regional books with "Dorset River: A Journey up the Valley of the Stour" (Macdonald; 18s.). The region she has chosen on this occasion is one of the most attractive in Britain, and Miss Hutchings does full justice to it. The book is illustrated with plentiful and satisfactory photographs, and one puts it down with reluctance—and a desire to meet the dog *Bob*, who sounds a thoroughly engaging canine companion.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I DON'T suppose Latvian-born A. Mazitis will finish among the prizewinners in the Bognor Regis congress which is in its early stages as I write, but in the following game he certainly supplied a charming demonstration of how to build up a positional advantage and then, by combinative means, exploit it:

KING'S INDIAN DEFENCE

| White | Black | White | Black |
|-----------|---------|------------|---------|
| BORLAND | MAZITIS | BORLAND | MAZITIS |
| 1. P-Q4 | Kt-KB3 | 6. P-K4 | B-Kt2 |
| 2. P-QB4 | P-B4 | 7. B-Q3 | P-QR3 |
| 3. Kt-QB3 | P-KKt3 | 8. Castles | Castles |
| 4. P-Q5 | P-Q3 | 9. P-KR3 | Kt-R4 |
| 5. Kt-B3 | P-K4 | 10. Kt-R2 | Kt-Q2 |

Far from fearing, Black actually invites the reply 11. P-KKt4, for after the reply 11.... Kt-B5; 12. BxKt, PxK he would already be on the way to establishing the domination of the central black squares which becomes a prominent feature of the game.

11. Kt-K2 R-Kt1 12. P-QR4 P-B4

White has prevented any opening-up of the queen's side by ... P-QKt4 for good; but this break-through on the other wing is even more effective. His next move lands him in endless trouble: it leaves Black's centre pawns too mobile. Better would seem 13. P-B3, blocking the position more.

13. PxP Pxp 15. B-K2 Q-K1
14. Kt-QB3 QKt-B3 16. P-KKt4?

Fatally weakening his own king's wing.

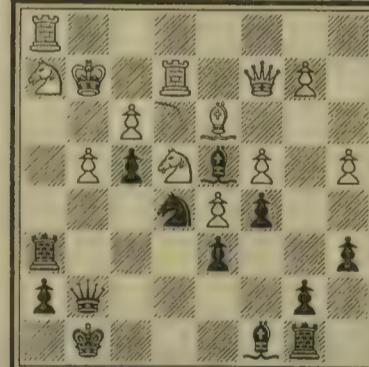
16. Pxp 18. BxKt PxK
17. Pxp Kt-B5 19. P-B3?

The decisive positional blow; note how Black secures control, within a few minutes, of practically all the important black squares in White's game, for instance White's KKt3; his Q4; his K3; his K5. There is even latent pressure against White's QKt2, 19. Kt-Q2! 22. B-Q3 Q-Kt2
20. Q-B2 B-Q5ch 23. QR-K1 Kt-K4
21. K-Kt2 Q-K2 24. R-K2 (?)

It seems to me that his last chance of holding on was, by 24. Kt-K4, to discourage Black from reinforcing his attack (as he is able to) by transferring his king's rook to the KR file.

24. R-B3 26. R-KR1
25. Kt-K4 R-R3

BORLAND (White).



MAZITIS (Black).

26. RxKtch
A beautiful sacrifice—already envisaging a second—of which a particularly pleasing feature is that the recipient has a choice in ways of accepting it.

27. RxR

If 27. KxR then 27.... QBxP; 28. PxB, QxP; 29. R-Kt2, Kt-B6 is mate.

27. Kt x KtP! 29. K-B1 Q-Kt8
28. PxKt QxPch mate.



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BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
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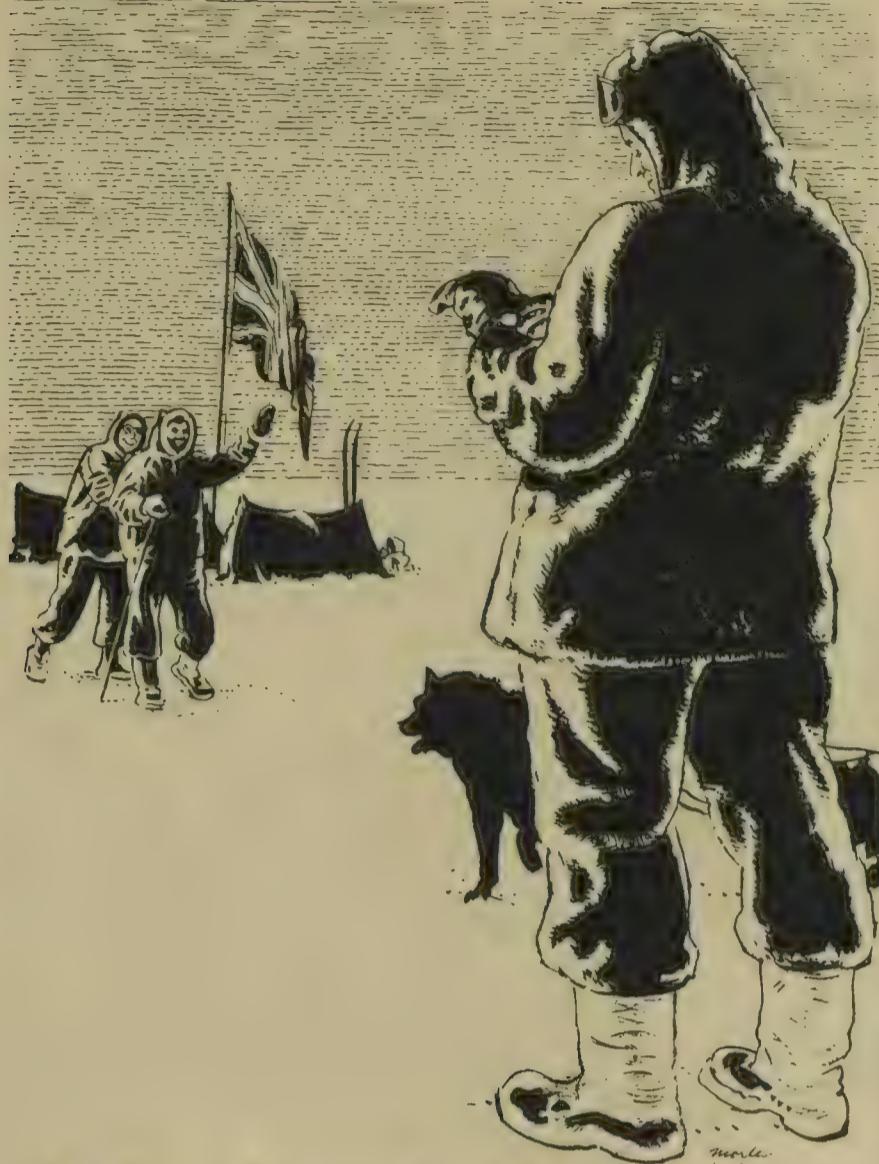
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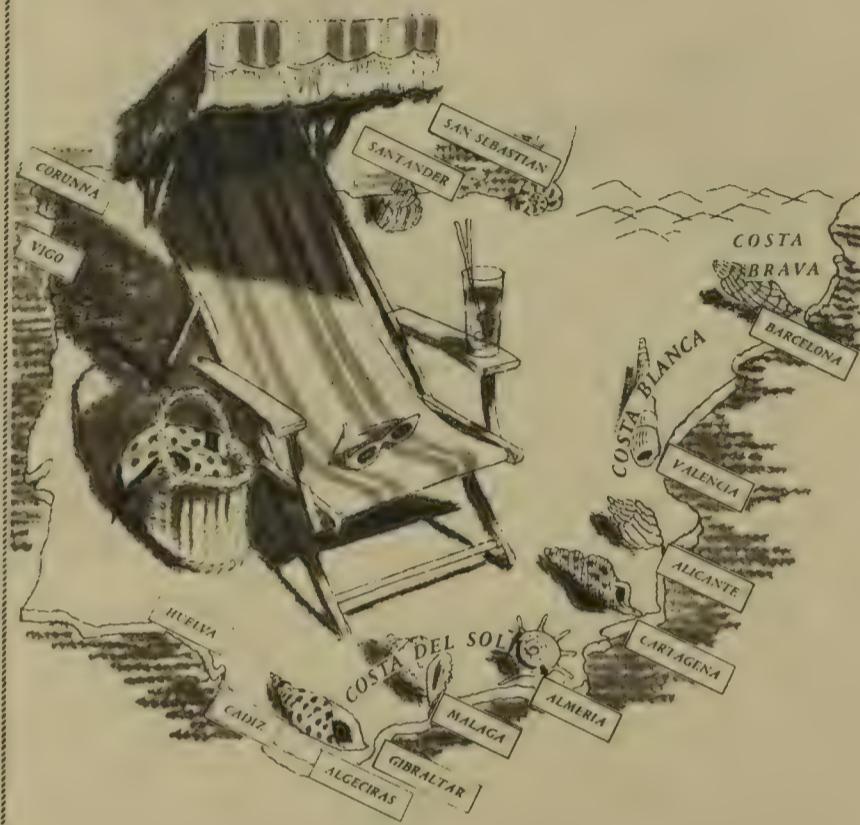
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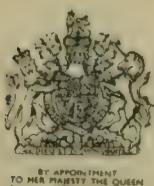
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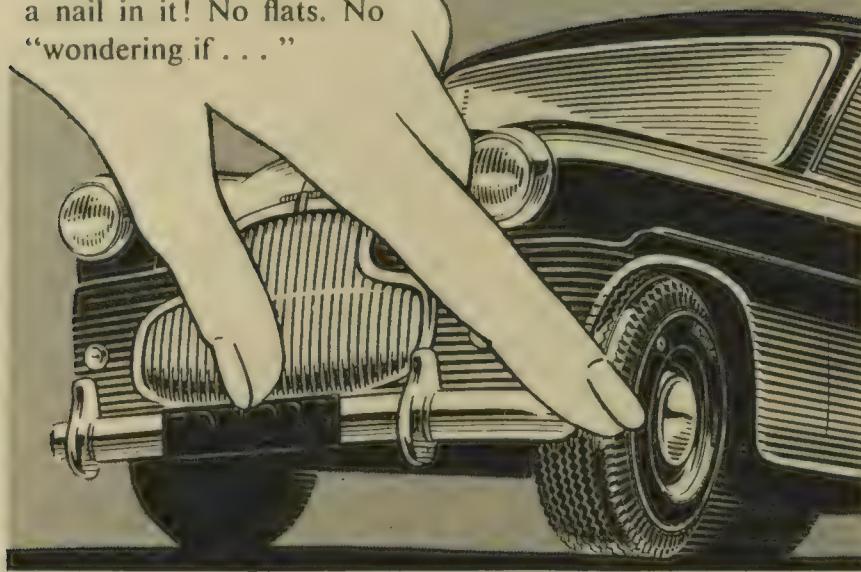


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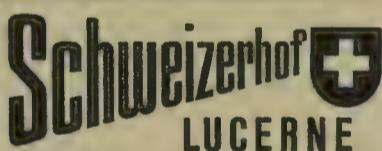
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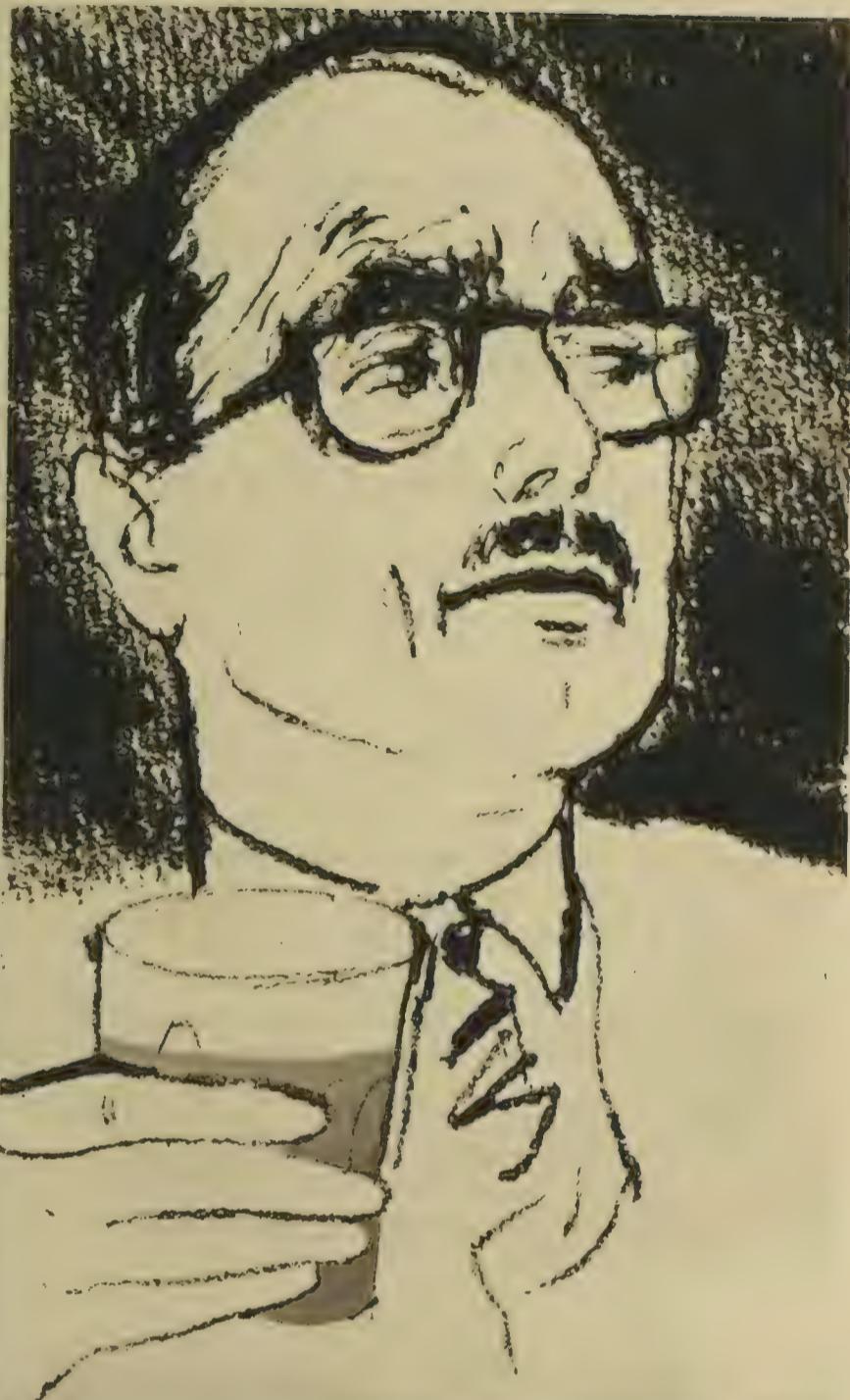
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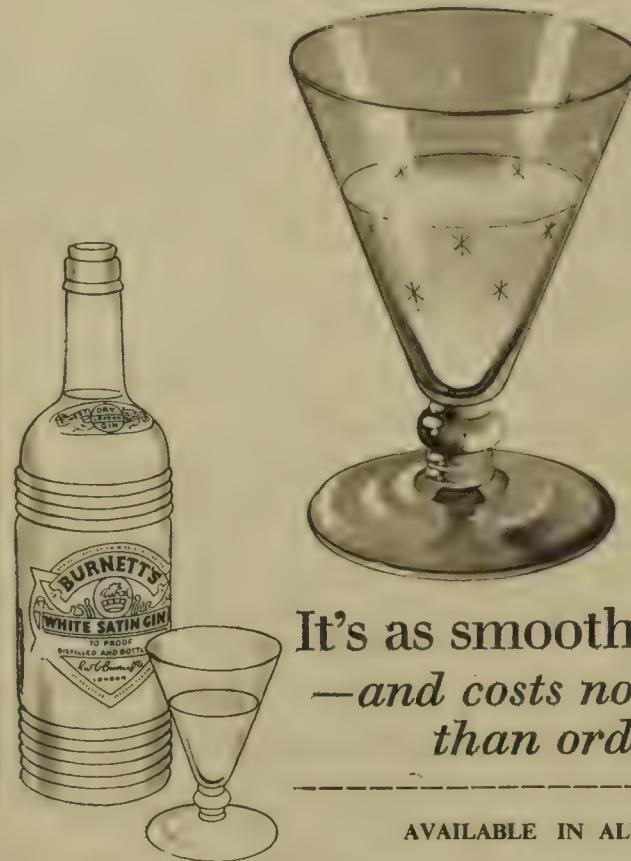
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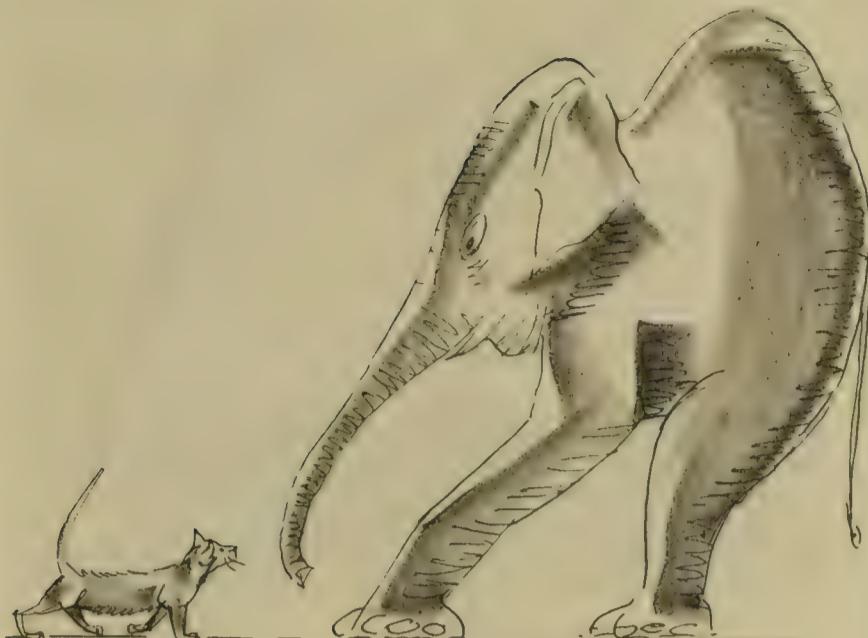
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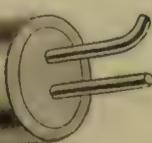
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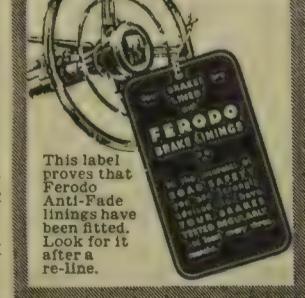


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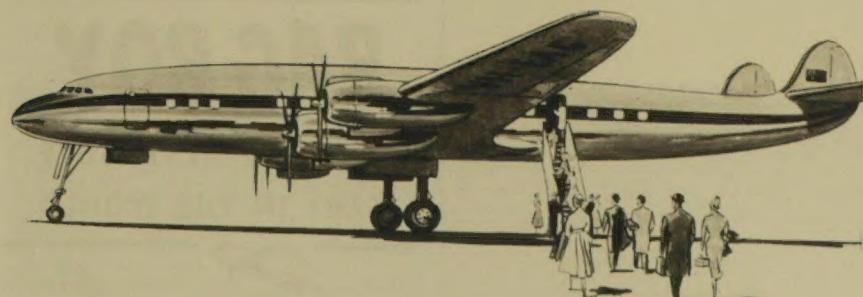


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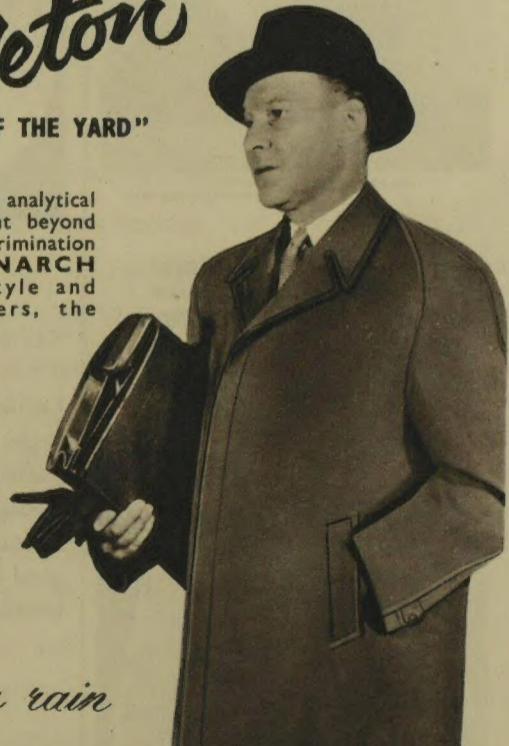
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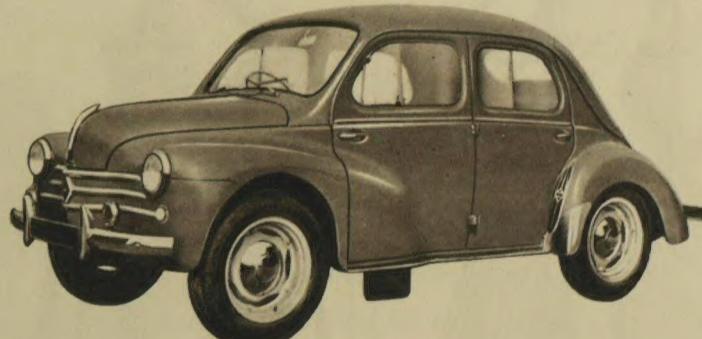
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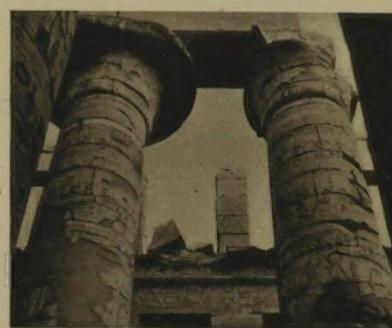


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For literature and art, know that France is the



capital of mad experiment and the birthplace of ephemeral Isms. Take no notice if you find (see inset) an Academy of professors in seven day session over the correct position of an apostrophe.

Look at the simple Worker, drinking solitary at his table a humble pastis or a double pernod before going to work in the morning, and try, if he seems to you a little blank, to look at him in perschwepptive—For here is France of the softly southern slopes whose grape is warming the responsive palate and feeding the mental resilience of the expert in the art of living.

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Written by Stephen Potter : designed by George Him

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LOOKING IN ON THE NAVY NO. I



AIR-SEA RESCUE EXERCISE



ONE of the most significant and spectacular developments in air-sea rescue has been in the use of helicopters.

The Royal Navy is perhaps the leading exponent of this type of rescue, and it was a Naval Officer who thought out the scoop net, with which a casualty can be 'fished' out of the water in a matter of minutes.

The first man to be rescued by the net was a naval pilot, who was picked up three minutes after he had forced-landed in the sea. Since then many successful scoop net rescues have been made round Britain's shores, both of civilians and service personnel, and there is now a strong argument for including helicopters in the civilian life-saving services.

